

MARIA BAMFORD • BRIAN POSEHN • SVENGOOLIE
SPECIAL HAUNTED HUMOR ISSUE!

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MAD

NO. 4 DECEMBER 2018

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THE USUAL GANG OF IDIOTS

- 02** Rejected Monster Cereals
- 04** Sad New Ways to Feel Good About Yourself
- 05** Sven, Golly, It's...Svengoolie
- 11** A Slasher Movie Scene We'd Like to See
- 12** Melania Trump Paper Doll
- 14** Cthasper, the Friendly Elder God!
- 15** Stink Lines Through Art History!
- 18** The Ghastlygun Tinies
- 22** A MAD Look at Día de los Muertos
- 26** Spy vs. Spy
- 27** How Batshit Can Make You Crazy
- 28** MAD's Tom Bunk Goes Trick-or-Treating
- 30** The Wisenheim Museum: Gris Grimly
- 31** The Potrzebie of Fear
- 32** The Chancers
- 36** Spaghetti & Meatball
- 40** Lukey & Mukey
- 44** The Differences Between the Original *Halloween* and *Halloween 2018*
- 46** Let's Have Fun With What You Hate About Thanksgiving
- 48** Shorts & Briefs
- 52** Incoming!
- 55** The MADifesto
- 56** Real, Dumb

INSIDE BACK COVER Another Ridiculous Fold-In by Al Jaffee

BACK COVER Don't Die This Halloween!!!

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragónés

COVER ARTIST Gary Pullin

TONIGHT



HIGH FRUIT-DOSE DEPT.

Remember the good old days of spooky breakfast kibble like Count Chocula and Franken Berry? Back when cereal was 100 percent sugar, dental work was affordable, and your free toothbrush at the dentist came with a little bottle of laudanum? Those days (and teeth) may be long gone, but what's important is that you've refused to move on. With that in mind, we've dug up some old...

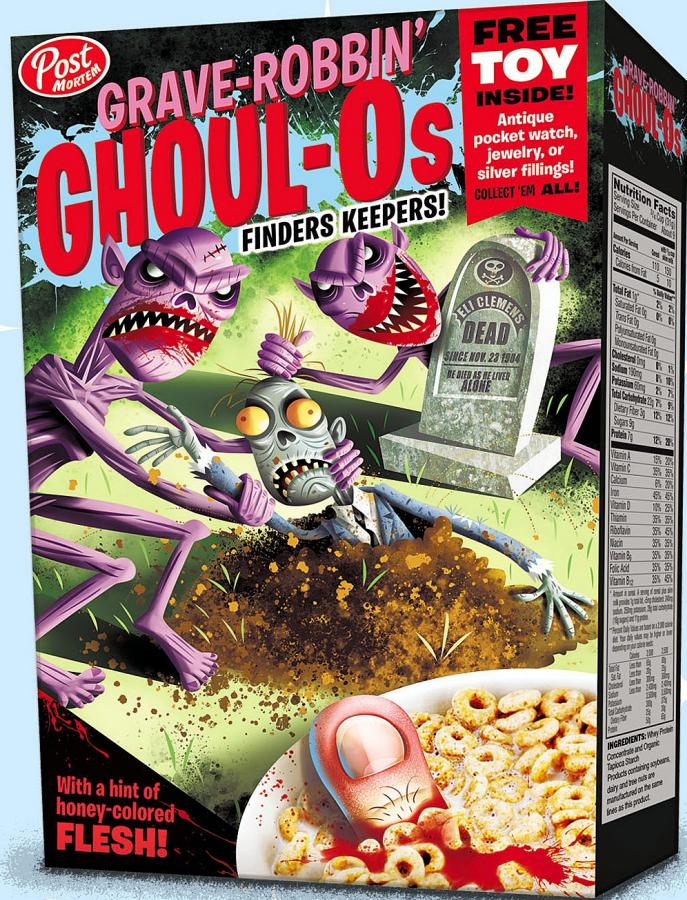
REJECTED MONSTER CEREALS

WRITER JEFF KRUSE

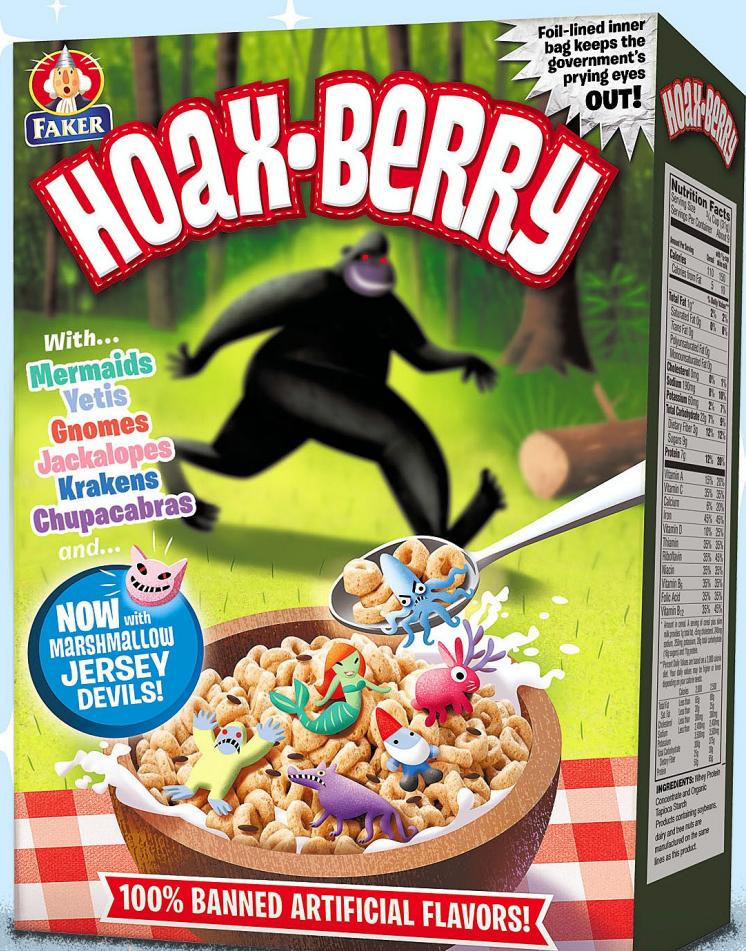
ARTIST DEAN MACADAM



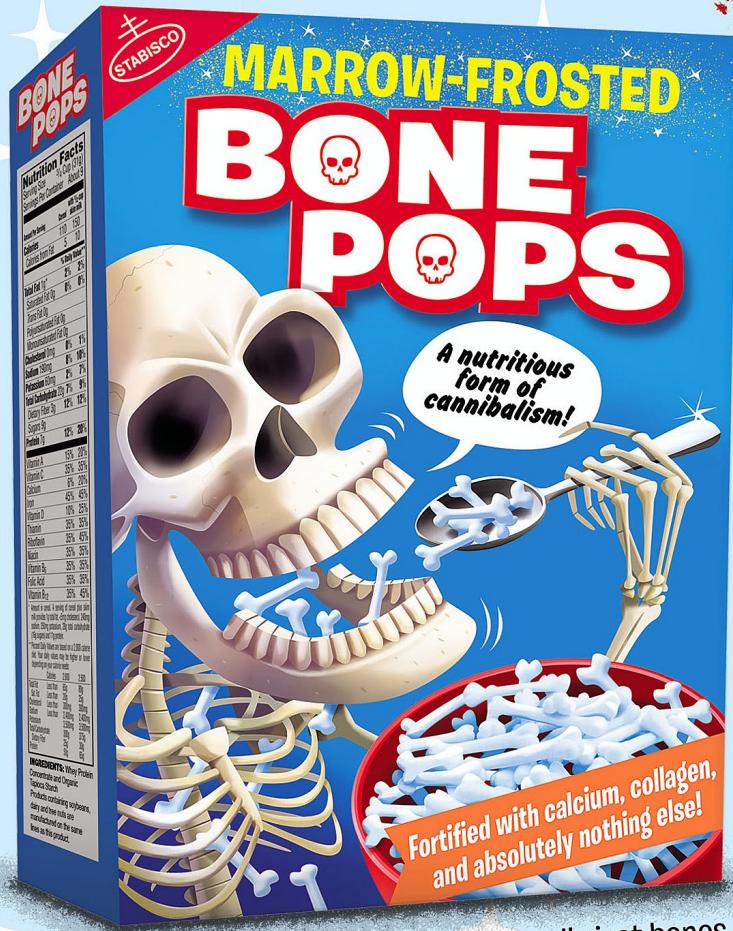
FDA REJECTION "All FDA testers mysteriously found naked and dead."



FDA REJECTION "High probability of children choking on/being cursed by free toys."



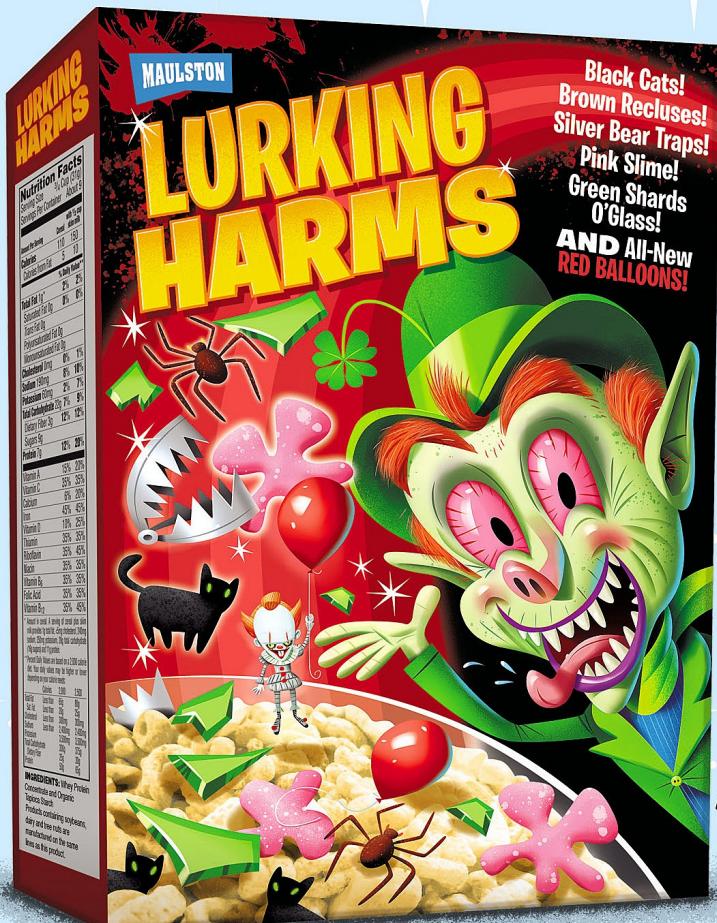
FDA REJECTION "Found to have more than double the amount of rat feces allowed."



FDA REJECTION "These are literally just bones. Manufacturer is not even trying."



FDA REJECTION "Even in our dimly lit offices, the box screamed when we opened it."



FDA REJECTION "Marshmallow brown recluses full of real spider eggs."



FDA REJECTION "Results in outer demons in the bathroom, if you know what we mean."



Self-esteem—so important, yet so hard to come by. Luckily, almost everything in the world is such a hot mess right now that your own personal loser-ness doesn't seem so bad by comparison! Read on for examples of how to scrape together some thumbs-up ego boosting with...

Sad New Ways to Feel Good About Yourself

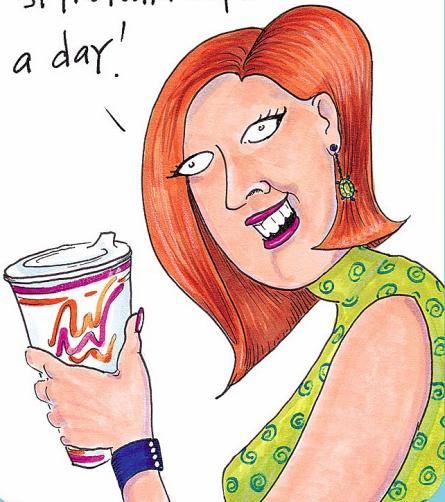
I got the loan for the storage pod to keep all of my unfinished craft projects in!



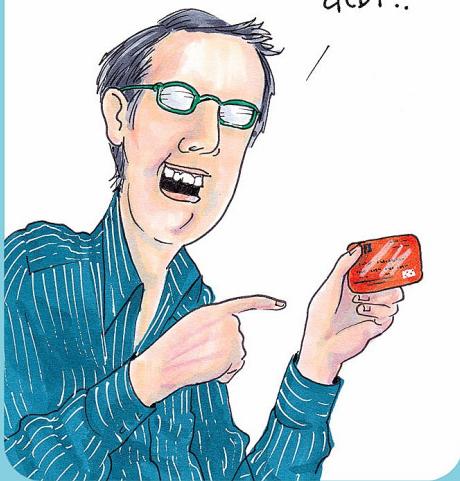
The picture of my fingers before they were reattached got seventeen LIKES!



I cut back to using only three jumbo, nonrecyclable styrofoam cups a day!



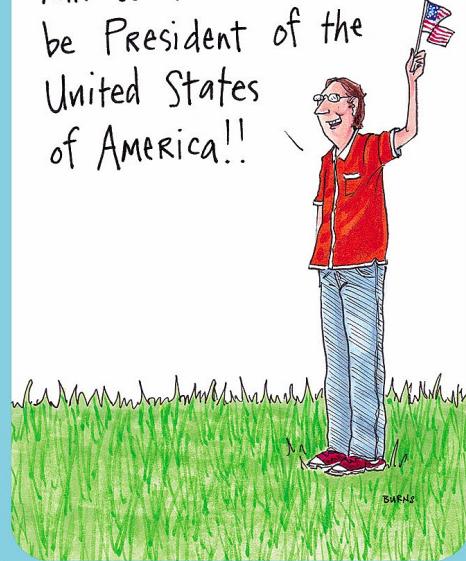
This credit card gives me 1% rewards each time I add to my staggering debt!!



Huh! My ass doesn't even totally fill up these new double-wide waiting room chairs!



I did NOT vote for a narcissistic Lunatic to be President of the United States of America!!





THE SHOW MUST GO WRONG DEPT.

We take jabs at movies and television, and there's nothing we love more than a TV show that takes swipes at movies! So pardon us as we pop in on a classic character's weekly broadcast!

VEN, GOLLY, IT'S... SVENGOOLIE

We interrupt this magazine with a program from MehTV, your home for moth-eaten television.

Hey, folks! Tonight we'll be watching a movie where everyone's down for the count. Count Dracula, that is!

My, I'll bet you monsters lead innteresting lives!

Never mind! Y'know, I have a lot in common with Dracula. We buy our coffins at the same hole-sale store, Tomb Depot! And I've been told I suck the life out of a room!

You stole my joke!

During casting of the 1931 film, there was a rumor W.C. Fields was up for the part of Dracula's mortal enemy, Van Helsing. But the studio was worried he'd never give a sucker an even break!

That's the same joke!

Anyway, the film stars Bela Lugosi, who at the time was looking for a role he could sink his teeth into!

Did you know Bela Lugosi is Portuguese for "beautiful lug"?

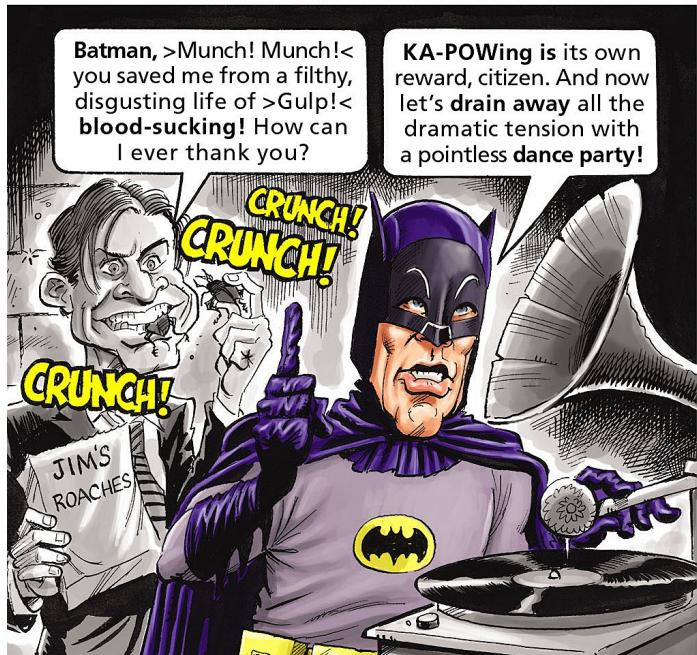
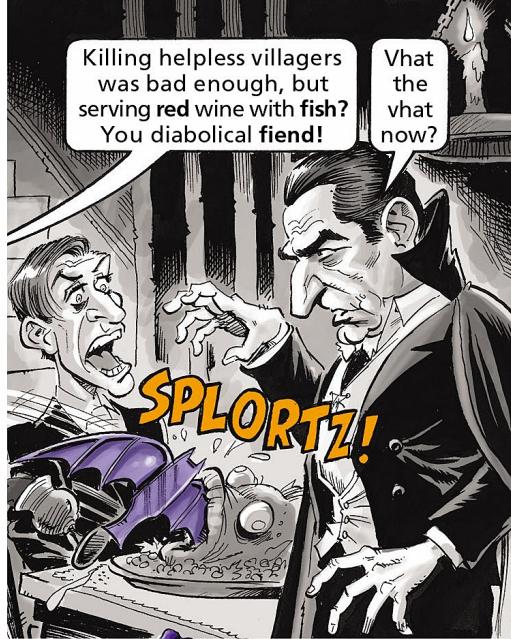
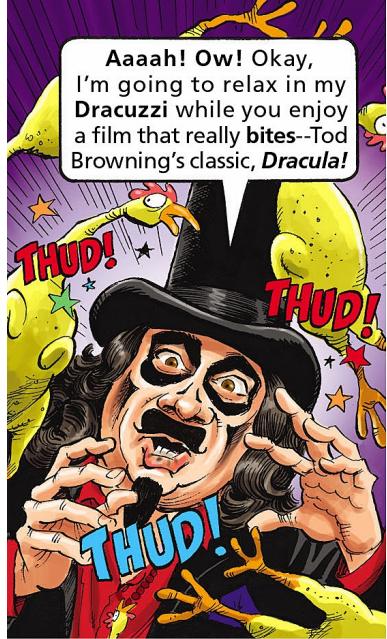
That's ri--huh? Well, it is true that Dracula feasted on people, but he also enjoyed fruit, like a blood orange or a neck-tarine! He also liked vein-illa ice cream! After all, the only thing worse than being "hangry" is being "fangry."

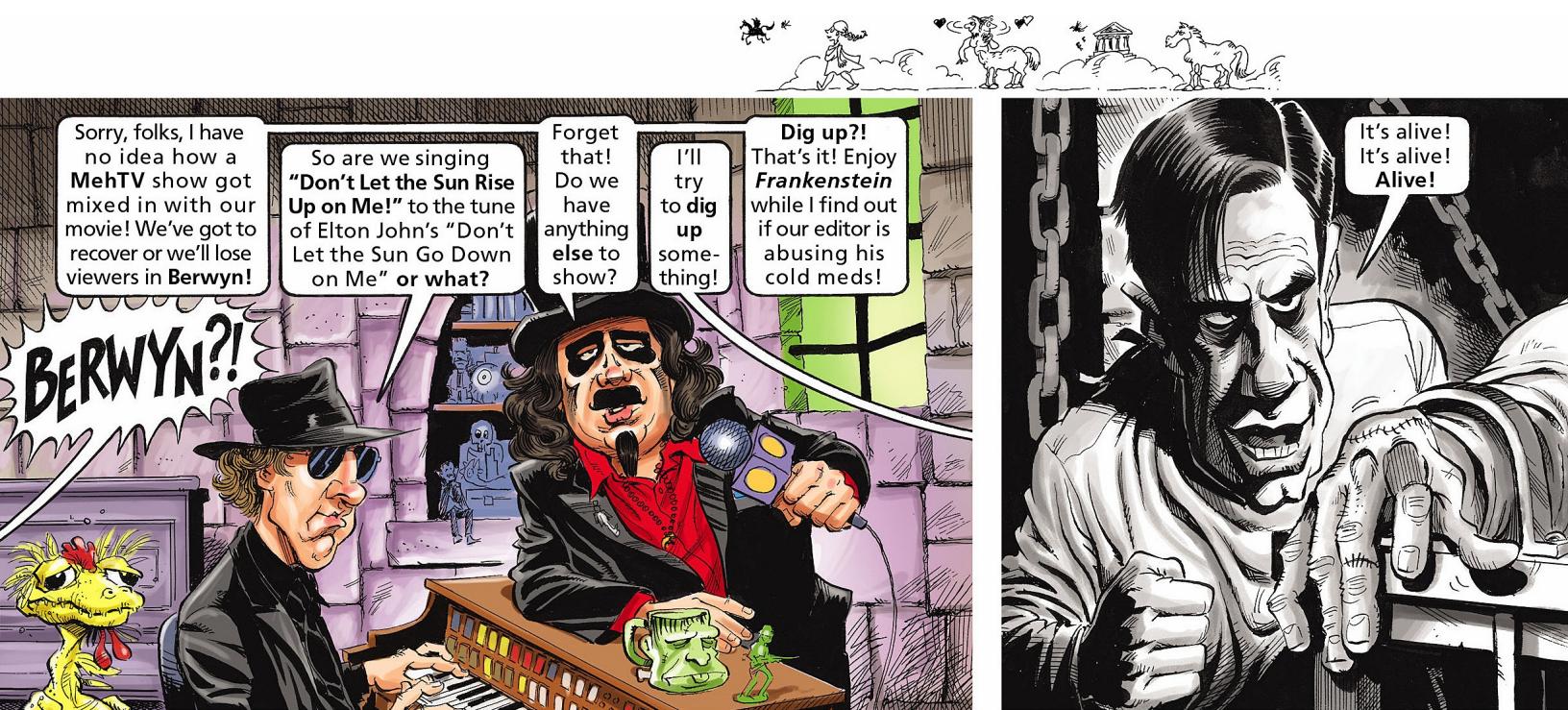
STOP!

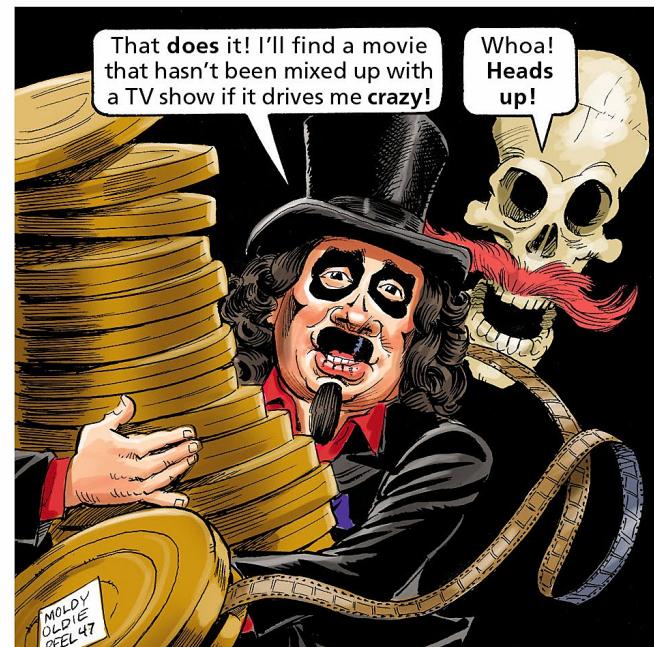
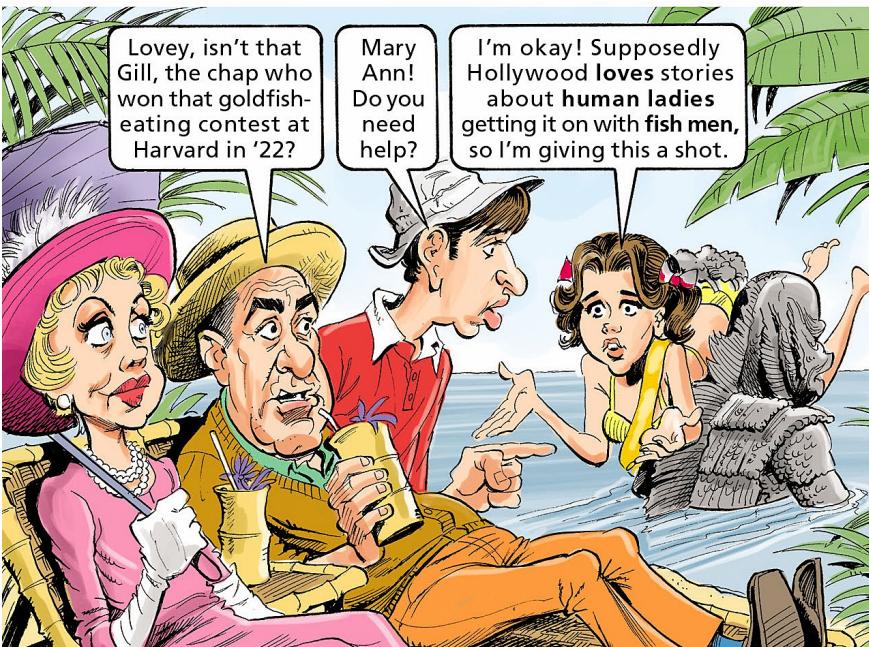
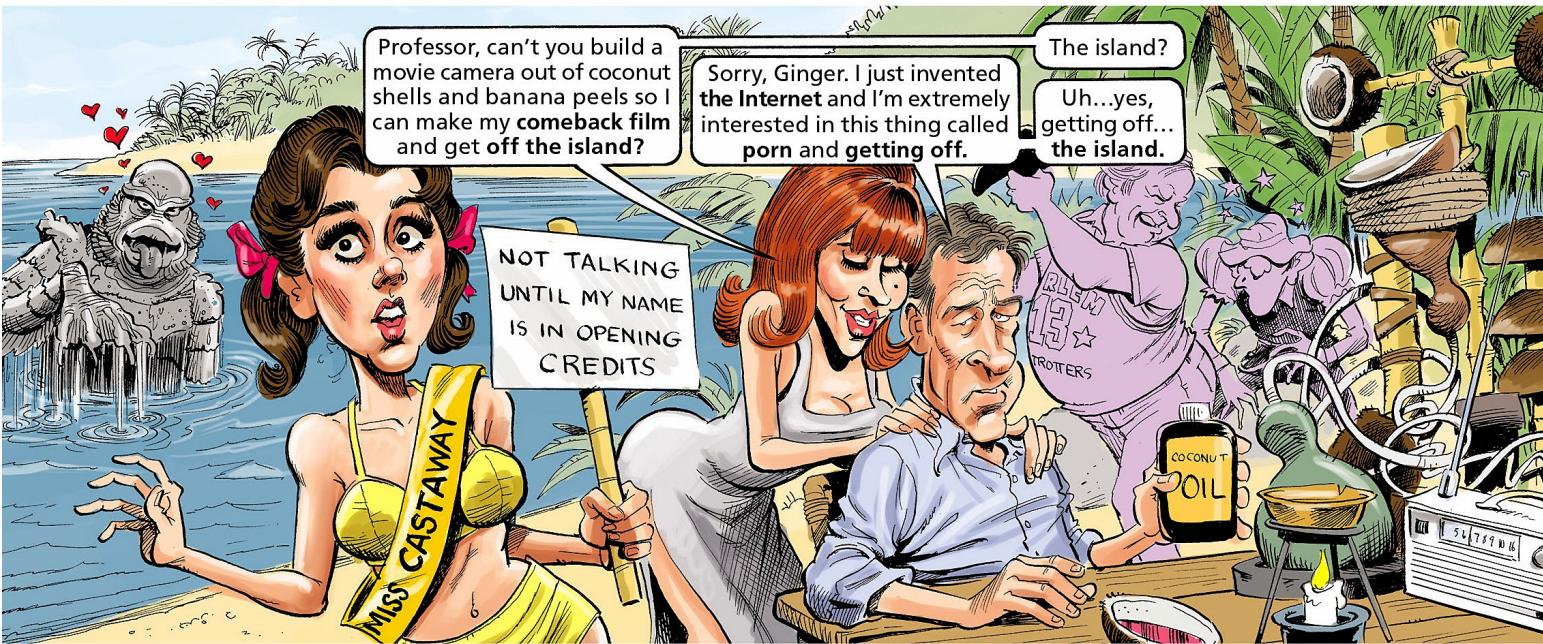
MehTV

WRITER IAN BOOTHBY
ARTIST TOM RICHMOND

Svengoolie ©MeTV

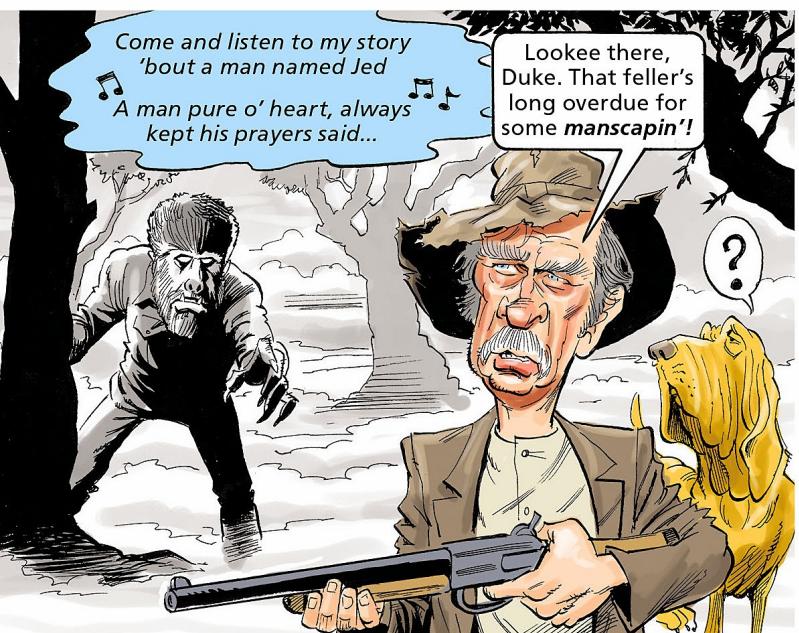
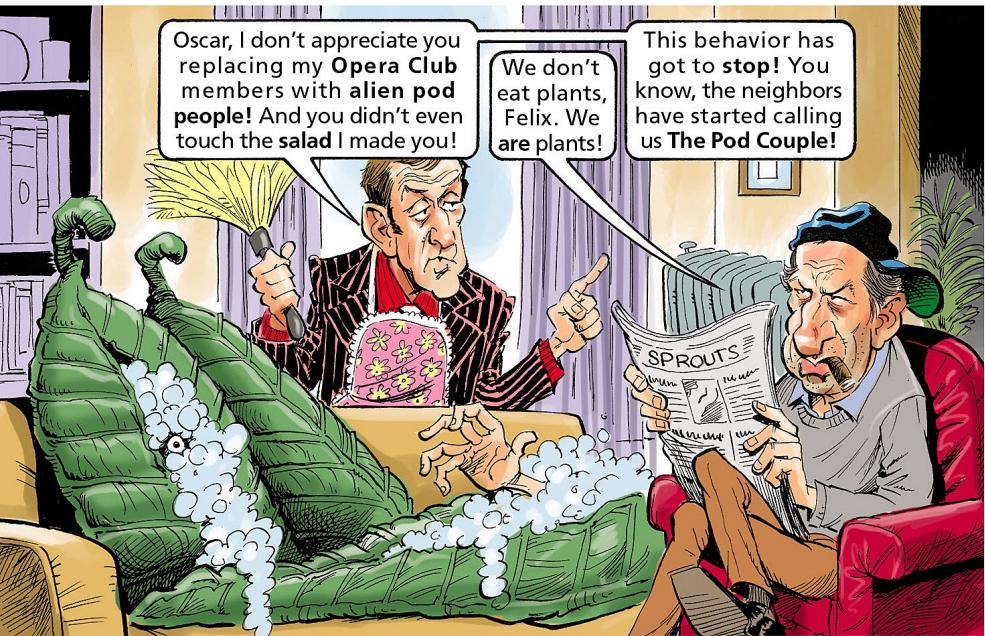
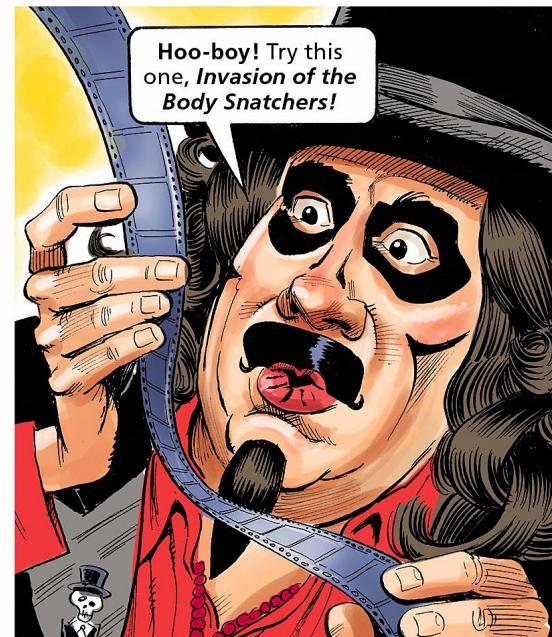
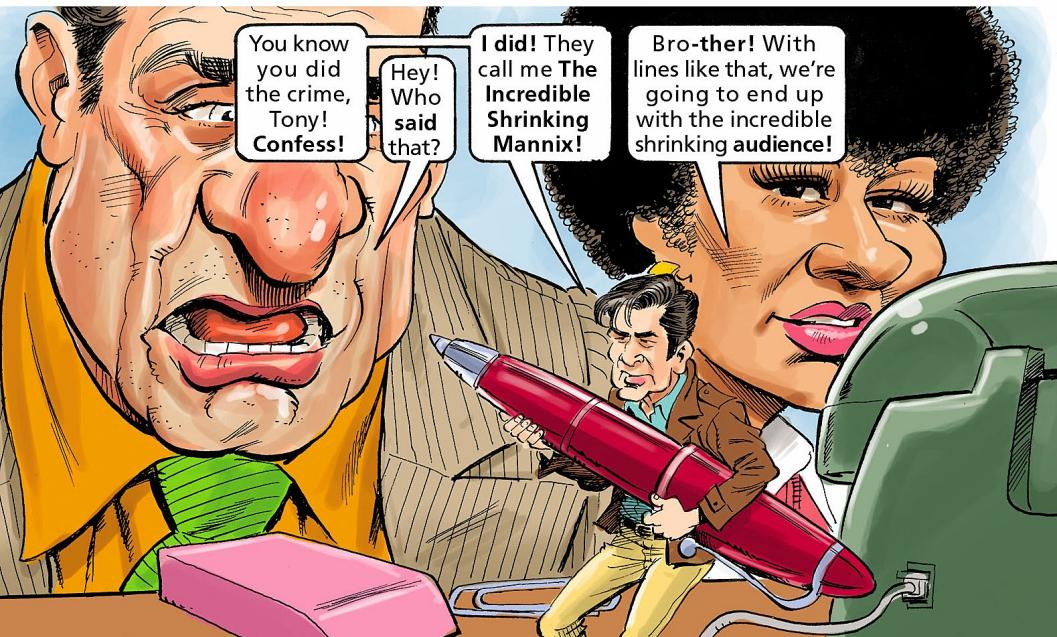


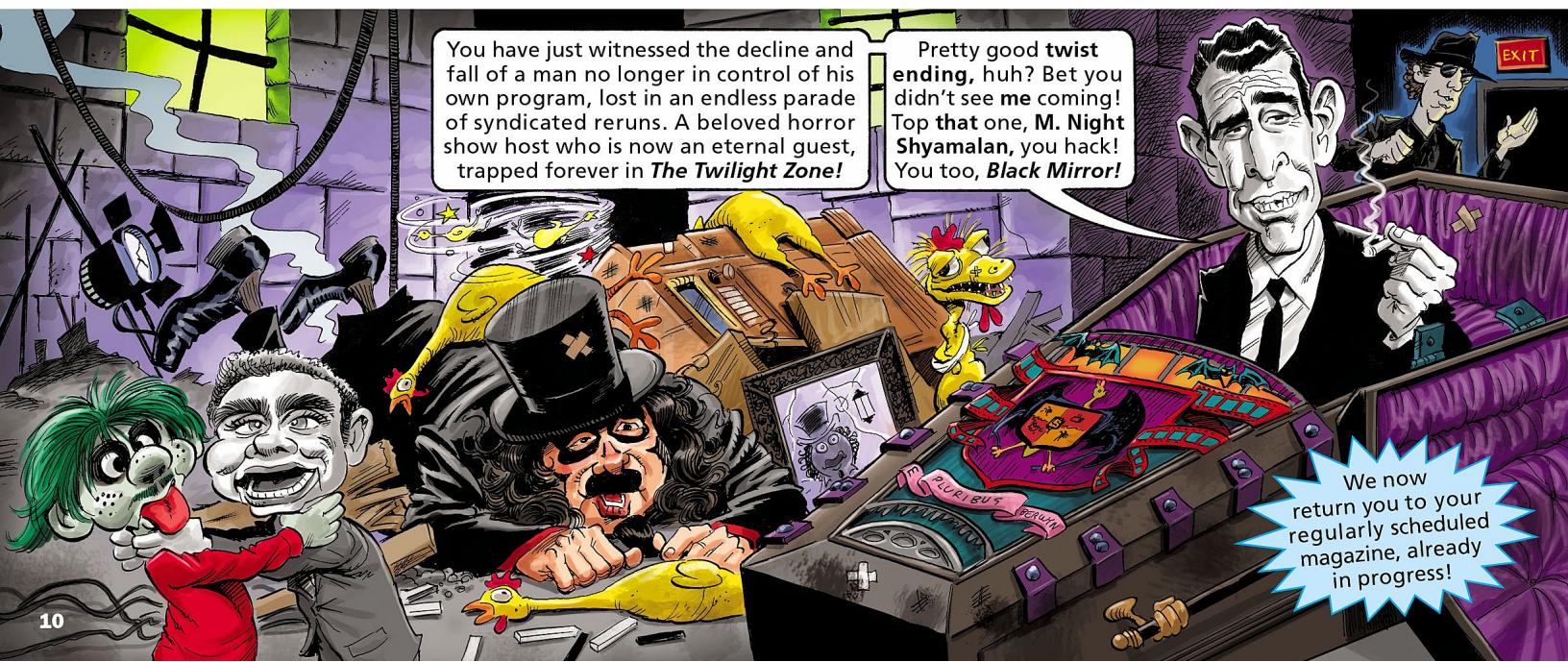






Disney sets painfully unrealistic expectations. No dogs will eat my spaghetti.







ARTERIAL MOTIVE DEPT.

A SLASHER MOVIE SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE





BE BEST DRESSED DEPT.

Celebrate the only effective statement out of the Oval Office since Trump trundled into the presidency: Melania's fashion! Our occasional First Lady of the White House has made her mark on hearts across the nation with her poise, compassion, and pretty clothes! Our sartorial stylist Sina Grace predicts what inspired looks Melania will wear in 2019 to do her part in making America look great again!

MELANIA TRUMP PAPER DOLL



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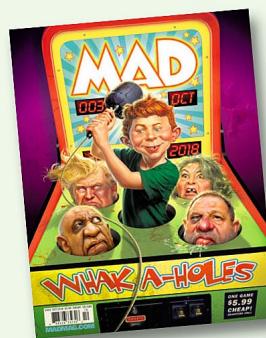
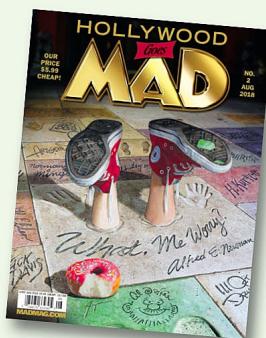
Celebrate the silliness of the season by getting a year's worth of MAD (six issues) for our special 2-for-1 rate of \$19.99! That's \$10 less than \$29.99 and a whopping \$100 less than \$119.99! (We could keep going but you get the idea!) You get two subscriptions for the price of one!



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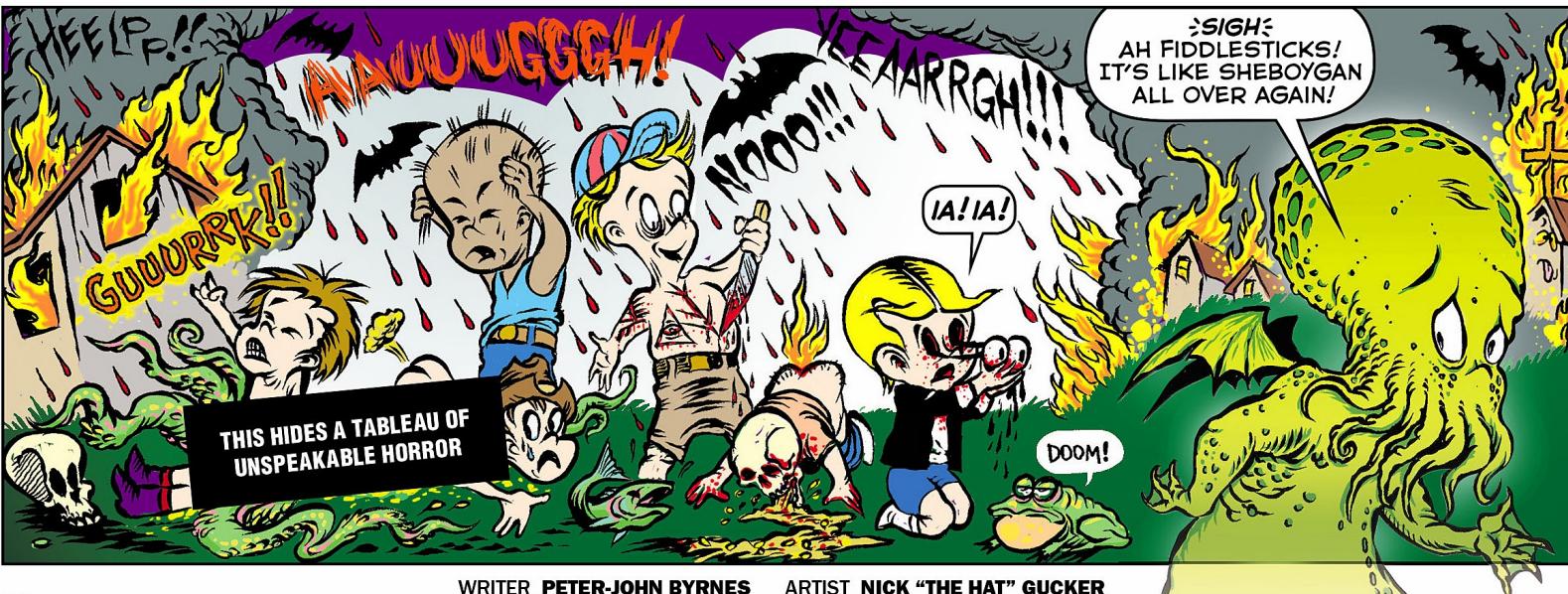
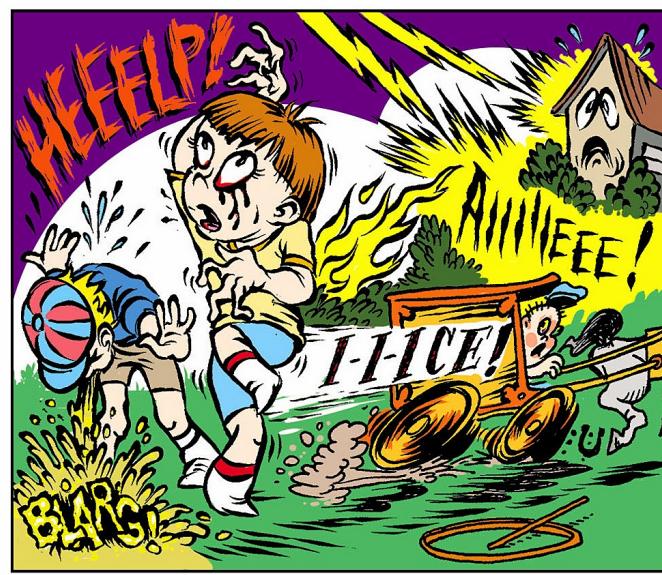
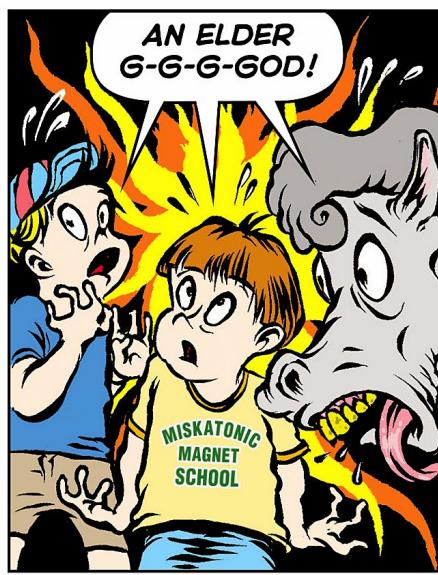
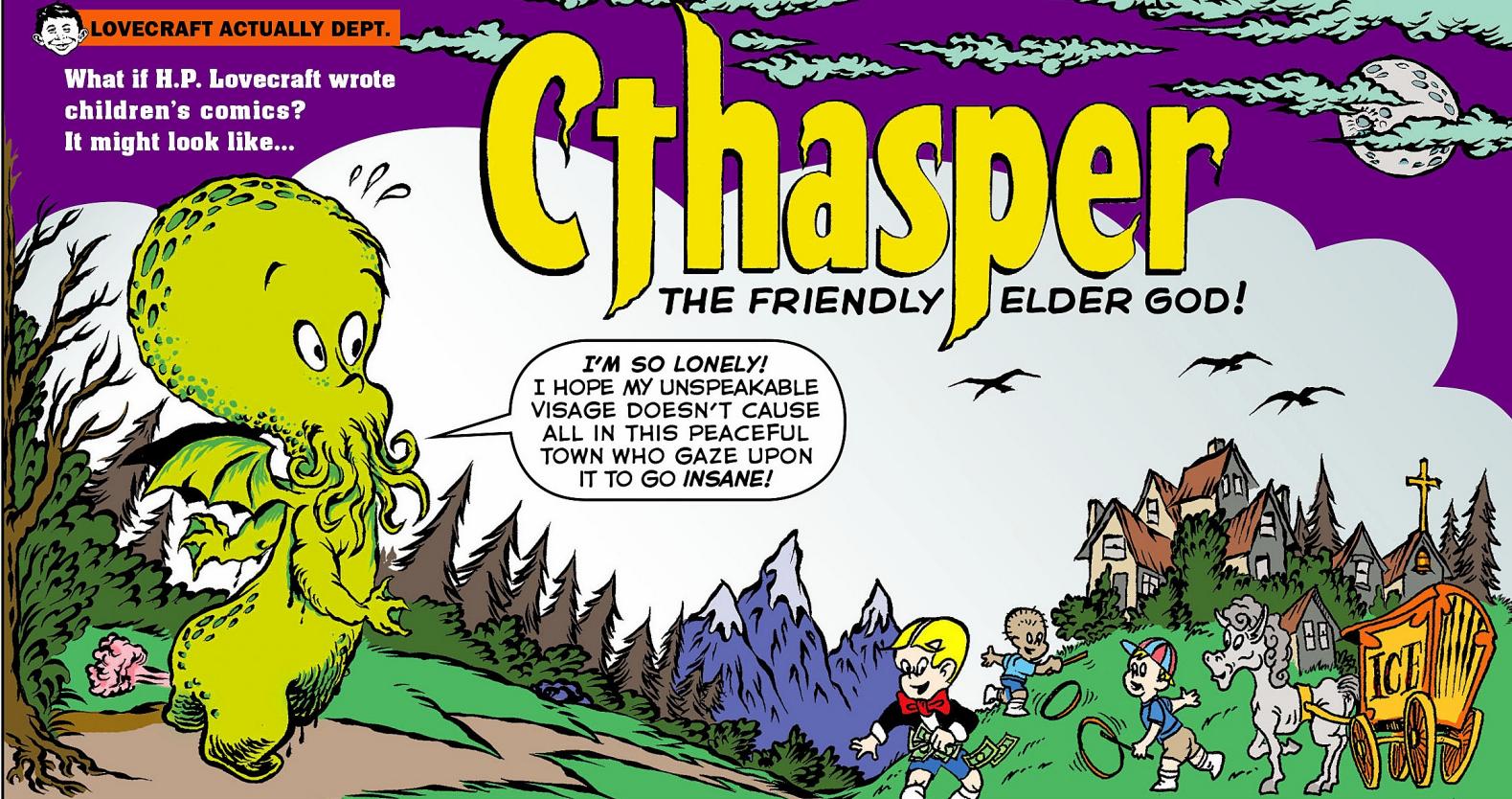
LOVECRAFT ACTUALLY DEPT.

What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote
children's comics?
It might look like...

Cthasper

THE FRIENDLY ELDER GOD!

I'M SO LONELY!
I HOPE MY UNSPEAKABLE
VISAGE DOESN'T CAUSE
ALL IN THIS PEACEFUL
TOWN WHO GAZE UPON
IT TO GO INSANE!





STINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK DEPT.

Please put on your headsets and let me, **Maria Bamford**, take you on a museum tour of some of the most famous works in art history! Ancient censors removed extremely important gestures in order to please more delicate tastes of the time. But I have restored these glorious...

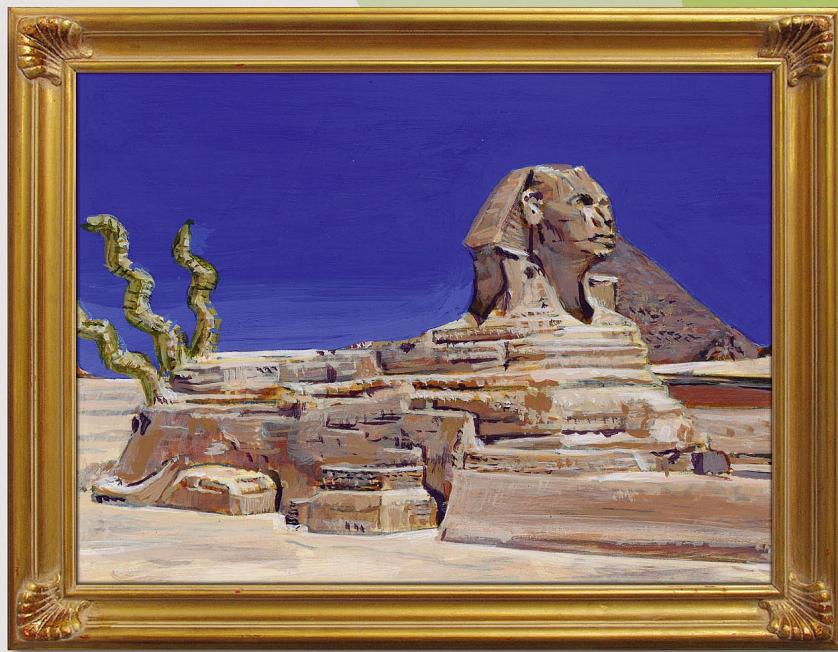
STINK LINES

ART THROUGH HISTORY

That's right, nearly every important piece of art that has **ever** existed used to have big ol' nasty stink lines! Also, I've got a little gas, so breathe through your mouth—or get to **know** me better.

MRRRK... My butt just said, "Hail, Caesar!" to the kale Caesar I had... Ahem. FIRST, I present these hunting scenes from 16,000 BC, painted in the vibrantly dank caves of Pech Merle. **Behold** the putrid carcasses, seeming to **leap** at you! The artists were **cavewomen** with a stink-line vocabulary developed during prehistoric child-care duties. Too bad the humidity caused by mouth-breathing **cavemen** made them drip away! I have personally re-added these stink lines out of respect for the ancients.





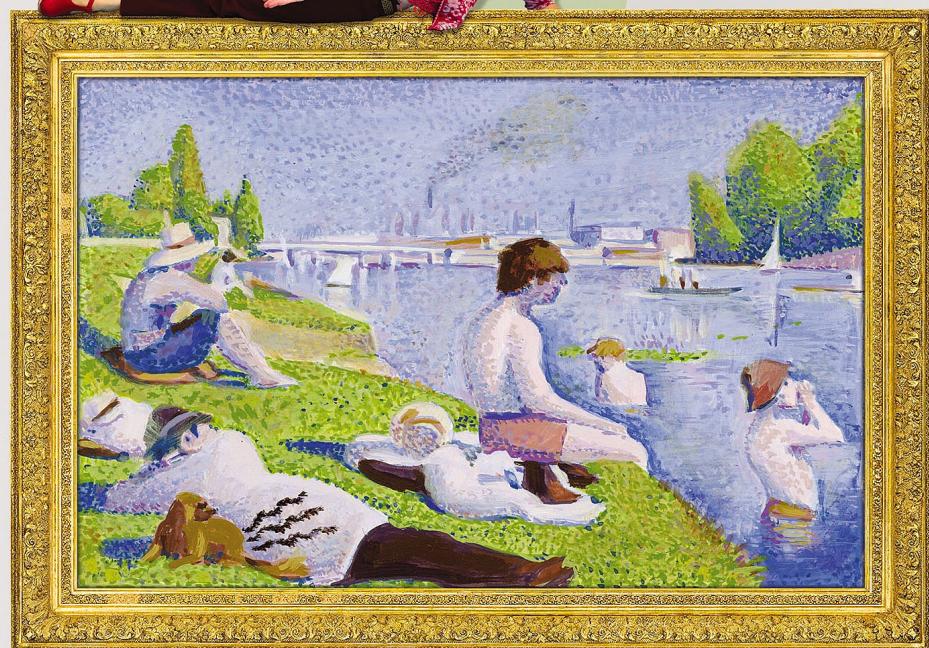
The Great Sphinx of Giza
was believed to have been built
between 2,558 and 2,532 BC...

UMF... keep a safe
distance. I just went
vegan this afternoon!
This behemoth **Lion
with Human Head** was
believed to include a
cat-like **litter box area**,
but sadly, the litter box
and vertically engineered
stone stink lines were
stolen by **Napoleon's
army**, who thought they
looked like french fries.
Poutine le merde!

Here's a **Seurat**—known to his
friends as **Seurat the Dot** for his
pointillism! As an homage to his
dog, **Le Stinque**, Seurat crafted
this generalized waving effect.

FLURP

OOPH! I just DJ Khaleded
that kale Caesar. Anyhows,
initially Seurat had entitled
the work "**Odeur Mal Du Mon
Ami, Le Stinque**," but the
buyer requested that all signs
of the cur's pungency be dotted
out with background color.
It was retitled "**Bathers at
Asnières**." Which...come on,
that's a **lot** less catchy.



AH-HERM... IBS is no BS! Now,
Auguste Rodin's lover, fellow artist **Camille
Claudel**, suggested Rodin sculpt stink lines
emanating from this statue's testicles. When
Claudel got sick of Rodin's real-life rank junk,
Rodin swept away her influence. She died in
obscurity despite being Rodin's equal, while
Rodin became a **legend**! Note the elegant
marble waves our restoration department has
added here as a deliberate **insult** to his memory.





Now it's time to **mix things up!** And, say, what's **that** smell? Oh! It's the art world's **racism and sexism** that continues to **this day!**

Here we see a portrait of **Lois Mailou Jones** by my husband, Scott Marvel Cassidy! The reason you need to *Google her right now* is that the super-stinky art establishment **rejected** her work. She had to have **white artists** submit it **for** her. That's right, her stink lines are **CONCEPTUAL!**

And here's self-taught artist **Horace Pippin**, unrecognized until after death, a veteran never appreciated by his country. He said, "The war brought out all the art in me." And **your art** brought out the righteous, sphincter-clenching rage in **me**, Horace!

TOOTY-TOOT TOOT!

Yeah, I RAGE-farted. Look this shit up! And yes, I'm a **wealthy white lady** yelling about *privilege!*

Outsider art, indigenous art, differently abled artists... all are **overlooked** by billionaires who crown mostly *white males*. In 2017 only 30 percent of the artists at the Vienna Biennale (the world's most influential art festival) were women. Only 39 percent weren't white. Try wavin' your snooty little hands at **that** cloud. It ain't goin' **nowhere!**

GIFT SHOP

And now everyone's favorite stop on the tour...**THE GIFT SHOP**, which stinks of the illusion that **you** are supporting the arts, when museums are mostly funded by billionaire corporations. Oh wait, this isn't one of **those**—it's a **little gallery** I made myself in an abandoned apiary. And **this** is just an exit.



Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to use the powder room! I've got a **peekaboo yam** on the docket!



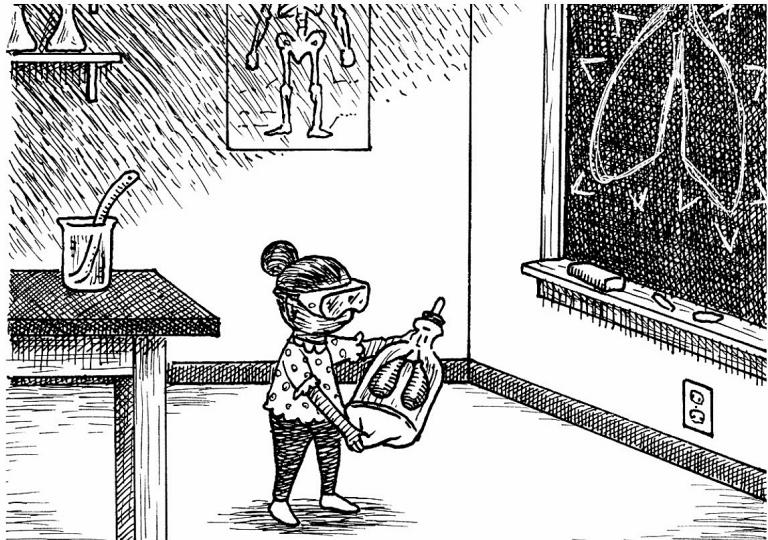
ALPHABET OF REGRET DEPT.

In the classic and twisted ABC book *The Gashlycrumb Tinies*, illustrator Edward Gorey famously killed off 26 children in alphabetical order—one death for each letter. Each unfortunate event was as different as it was gothic—the characters were dispatched by every method imaginable, including bears, trains, and falling statues.

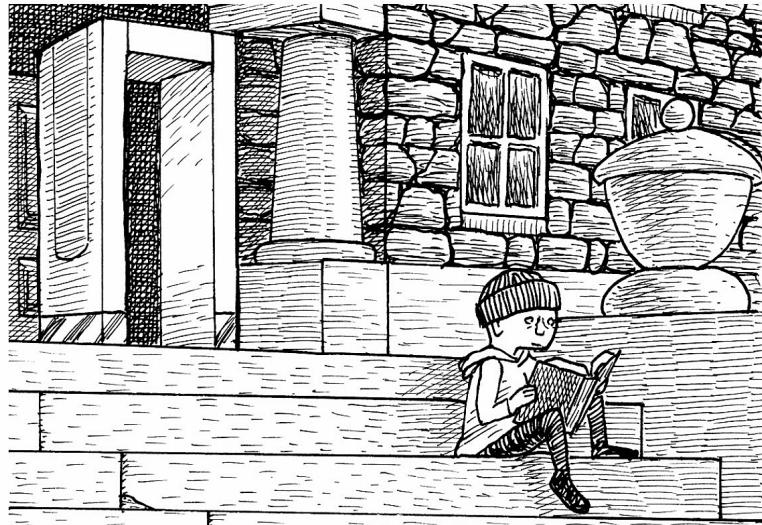
Sadly, times have changed and there's basically one way that most kids seem to die now. With that in mind, we solemnly present...

THE GHASTLYGUN TINIES

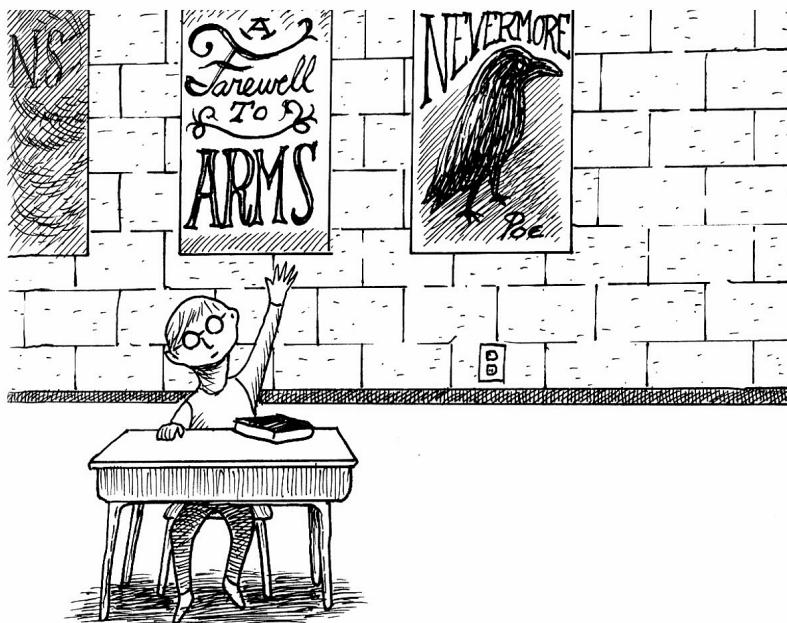
WRITER MATT COHEN ARTIST MARC PALM



A is for ALICE the young science wiz



B is for BRIAN cramming for a quiz



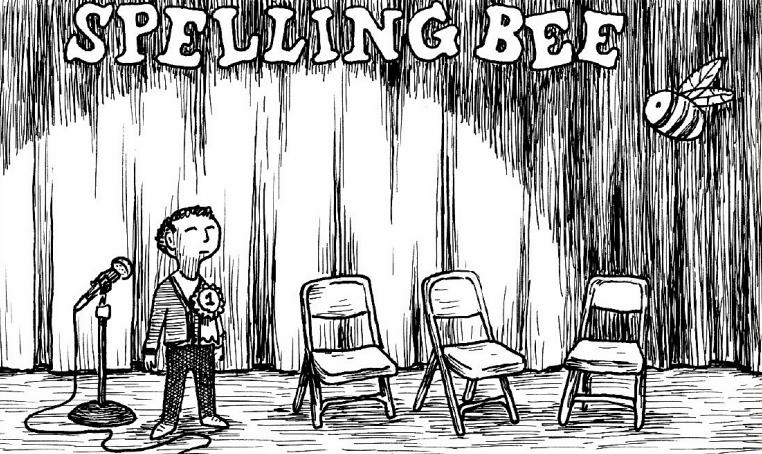
C is for CONNOR in his English class



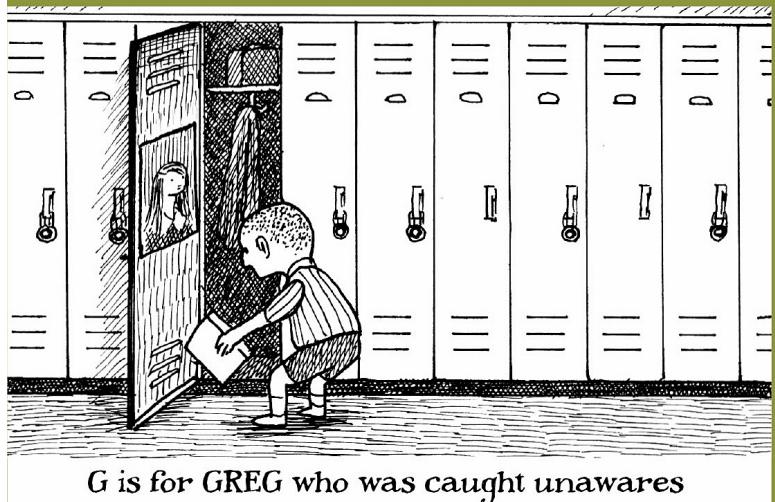
D is for DANA who had a hall pass



E is for EVE who's idealistic



F is for FRANK, more than a statistic



G is for GREG who was caught unawares



H is for HIRO who needs more than prayers



I is for IKE learning Shakespeare by rote



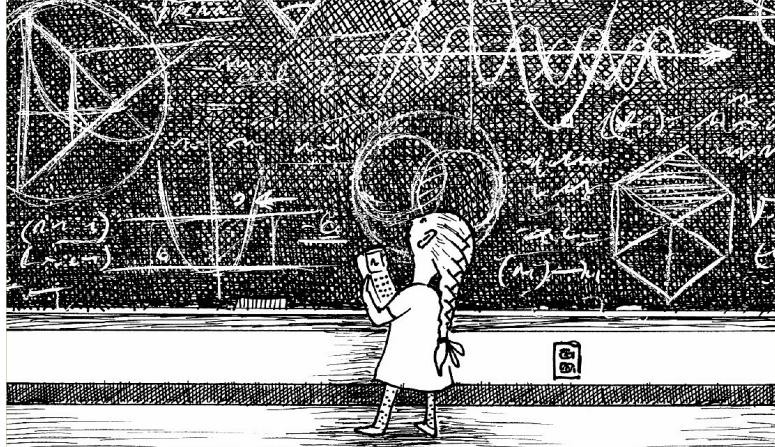
J is for JULIE who's too young to vote



K is for KARA who's weary today



L is for LIAM reading Hemingway



M is for MEGAN who's studying math



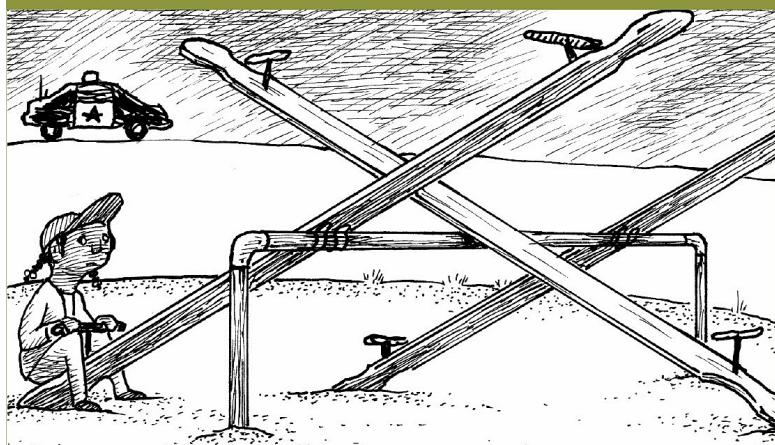
N is for NATHAN who's caught in the path



O is for OWEN learning about states



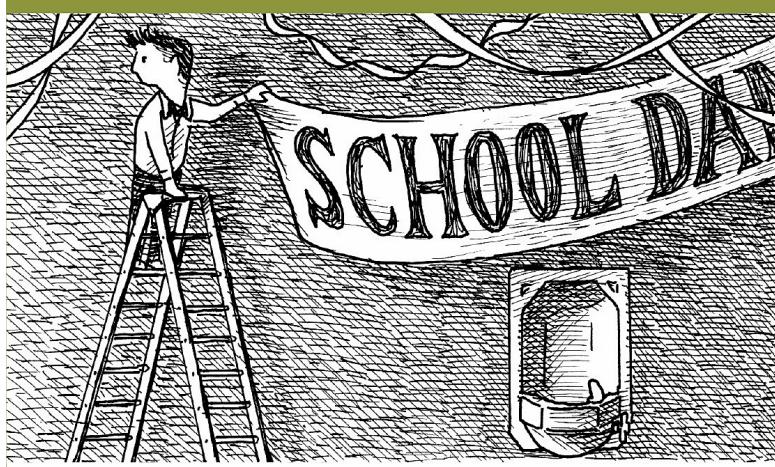
P is for PAULA protecting classmates



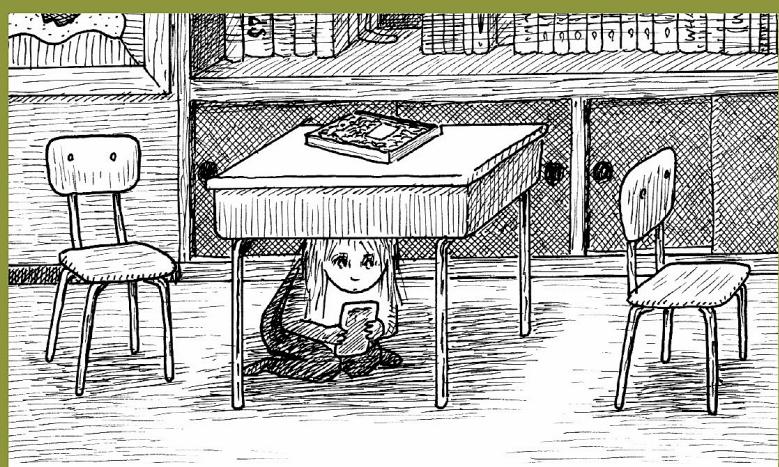
Q is for QUINN whose life had just begun



R is for REID, valued less than a gun



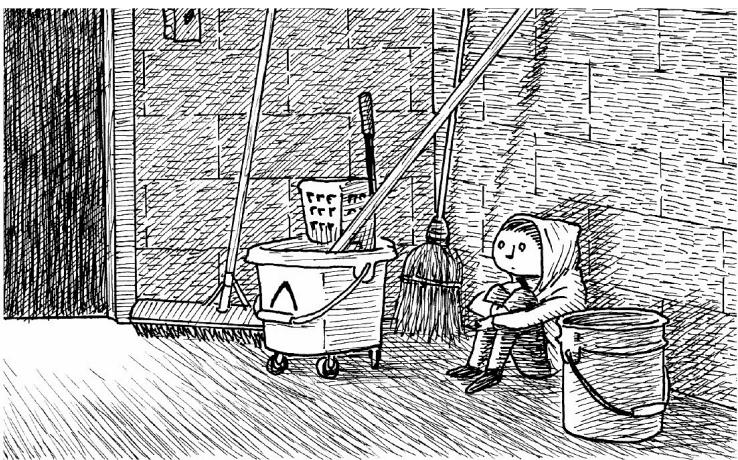
S is for STEPHEN who's planning for prom



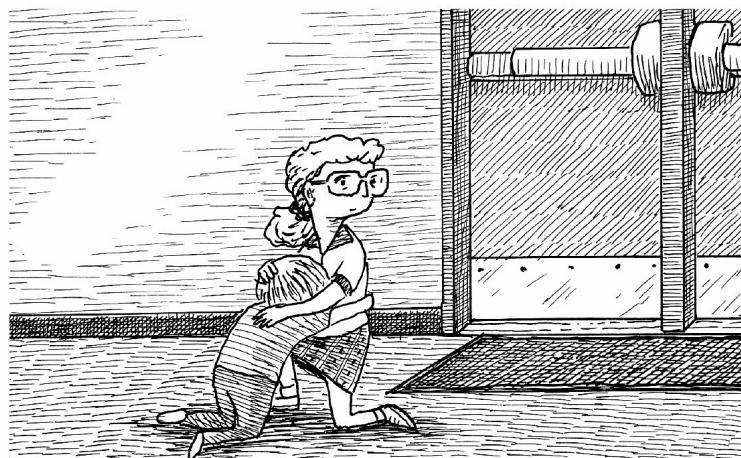
T is for TINA who's texting her mom



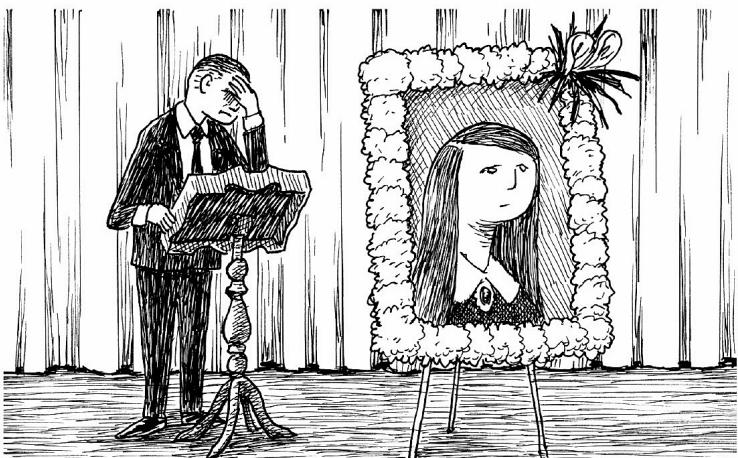
U is for UNA who ID'ed his face



V is for VINCENT who's sheltered in place



W is for WENDY, kind beyond belief



X is for XENA whose dad's crushed by grief



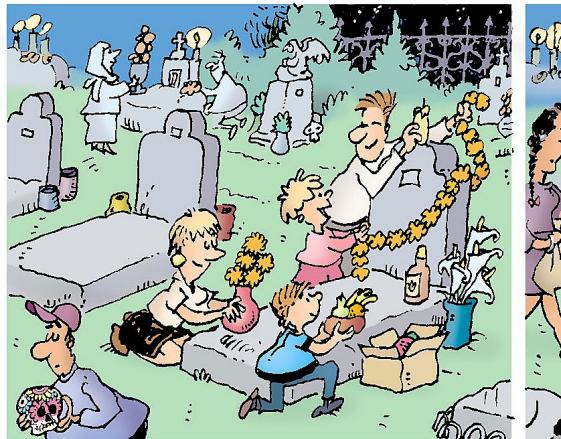
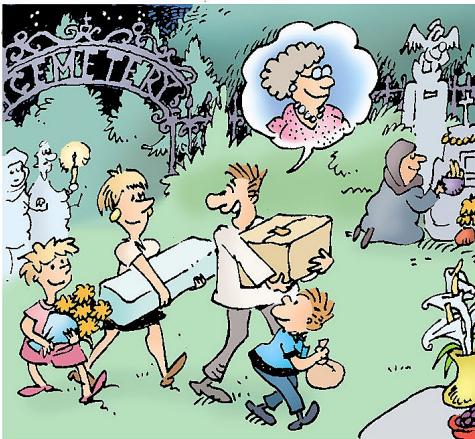
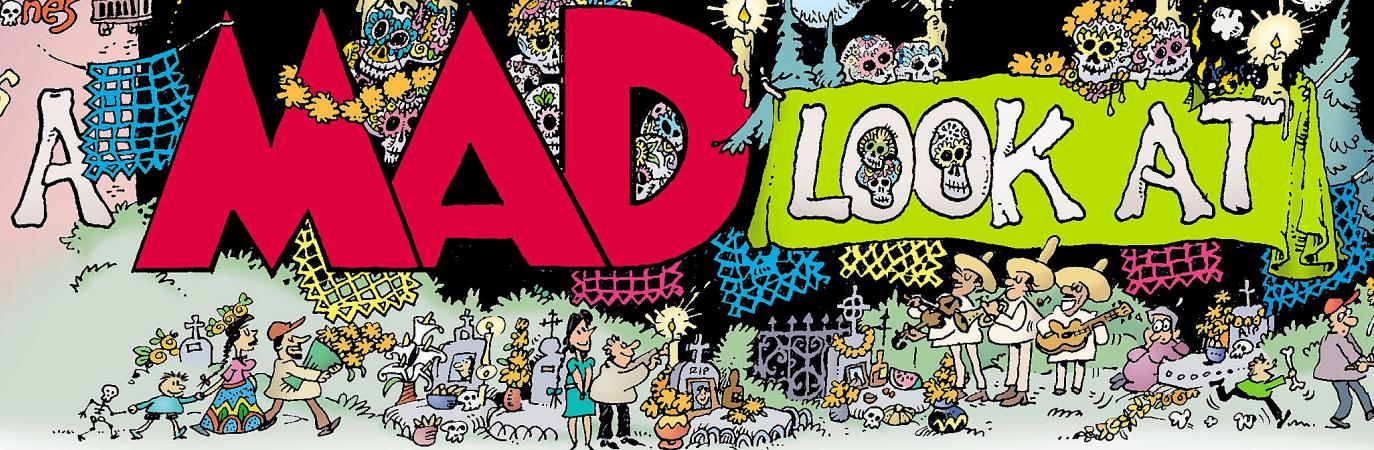
Y is for YURI whose time has now passed



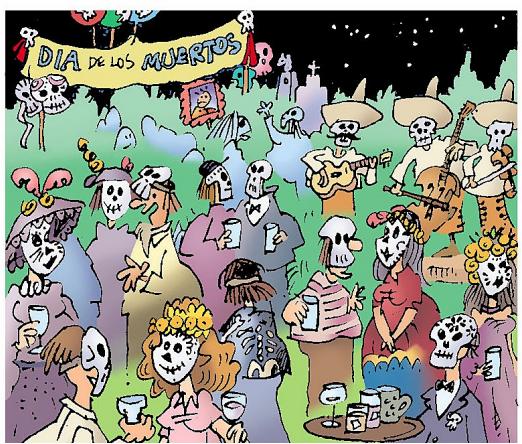
Z is for ZOE who won't be the last

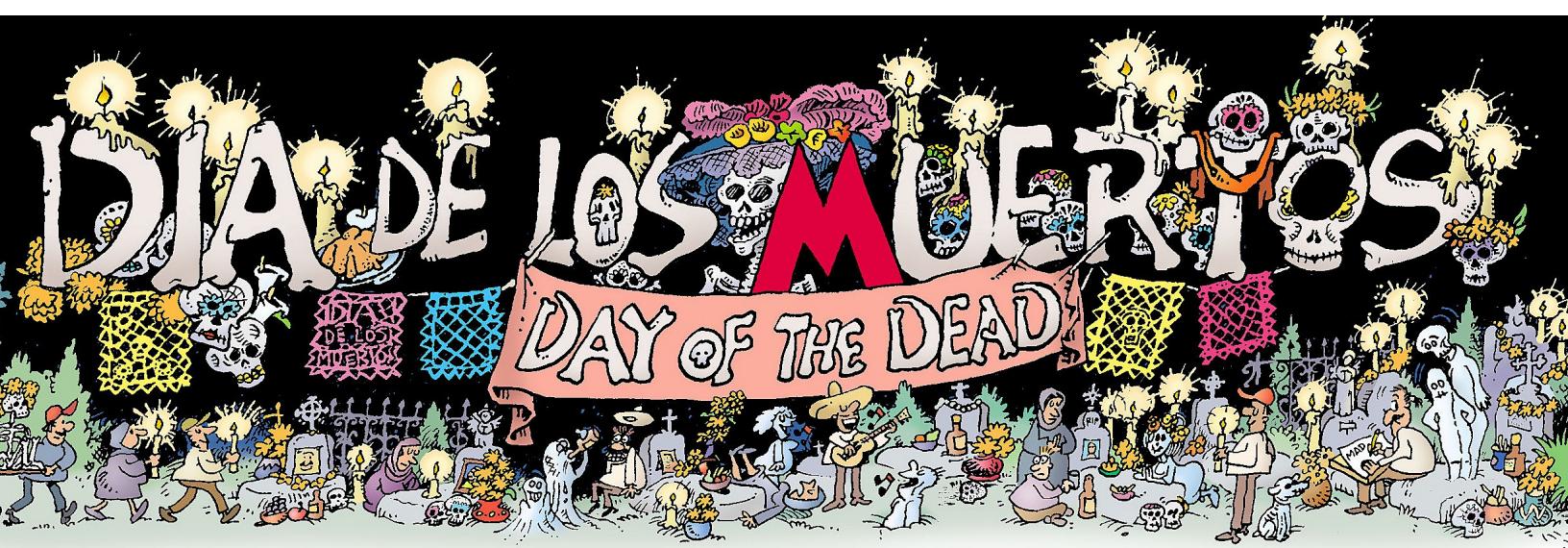
Sergio Aragones

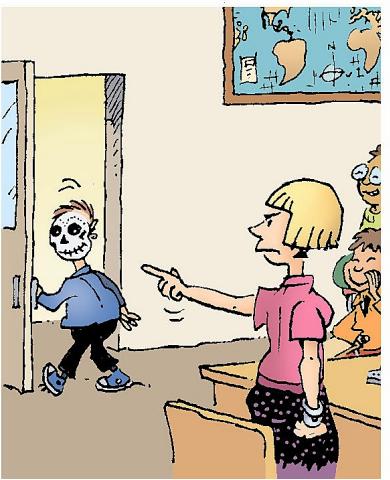
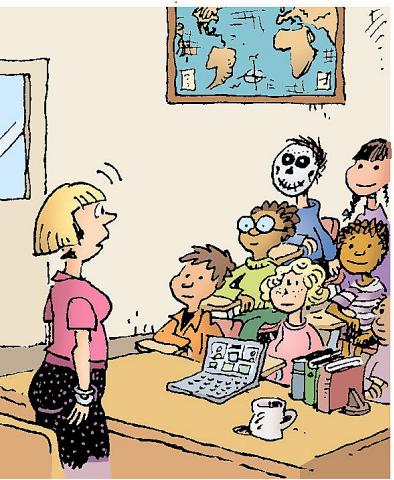
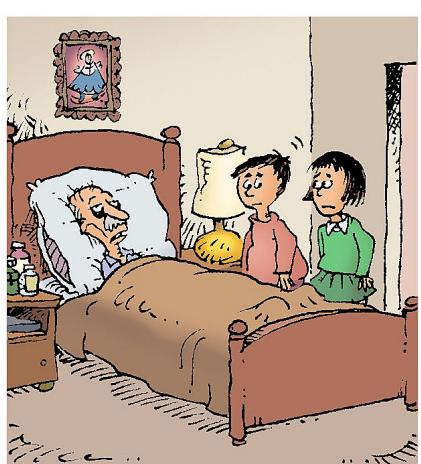
PRESENTS

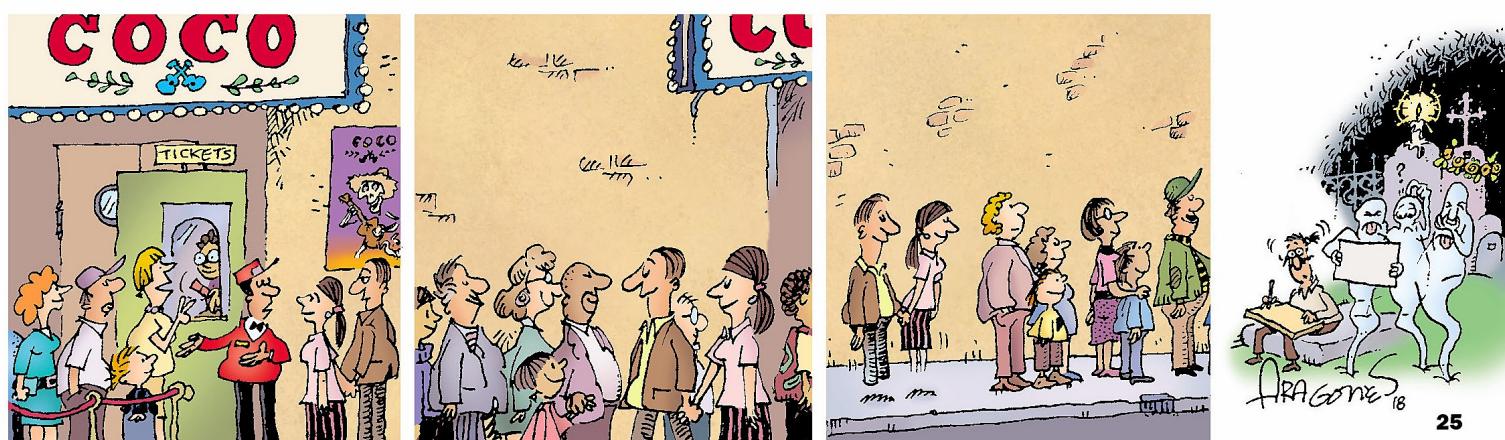
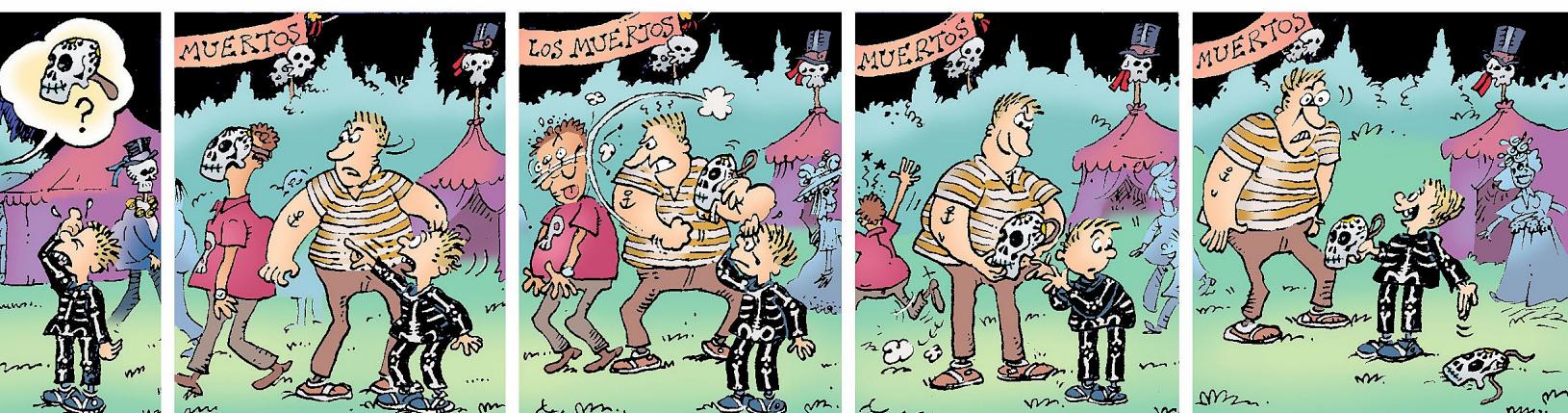
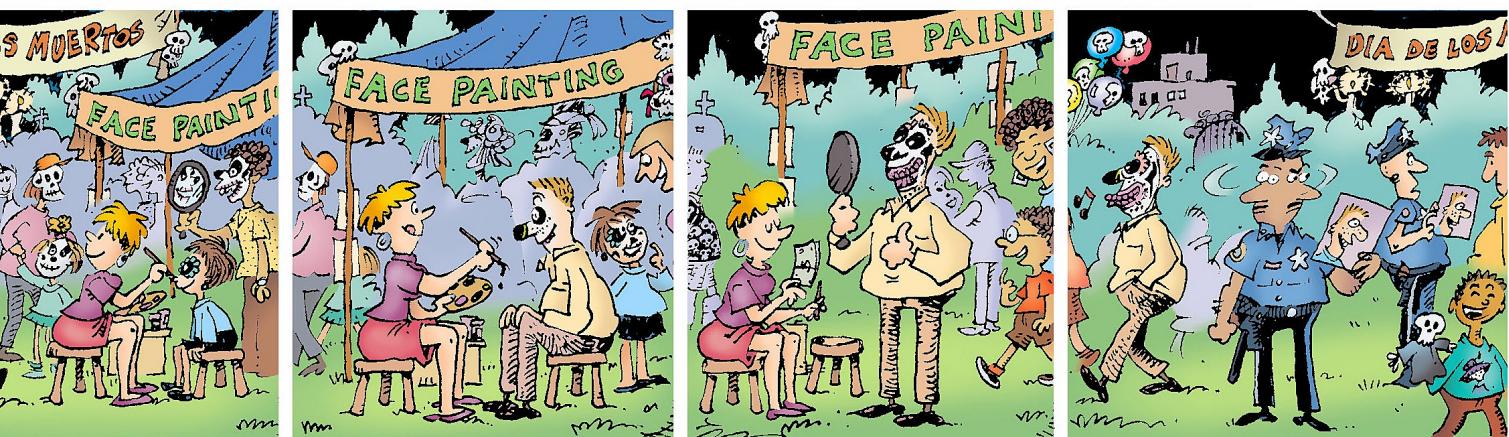


WRITER & ARTIST SERGIO ARAGONÉS COLORIST TOM LUTH











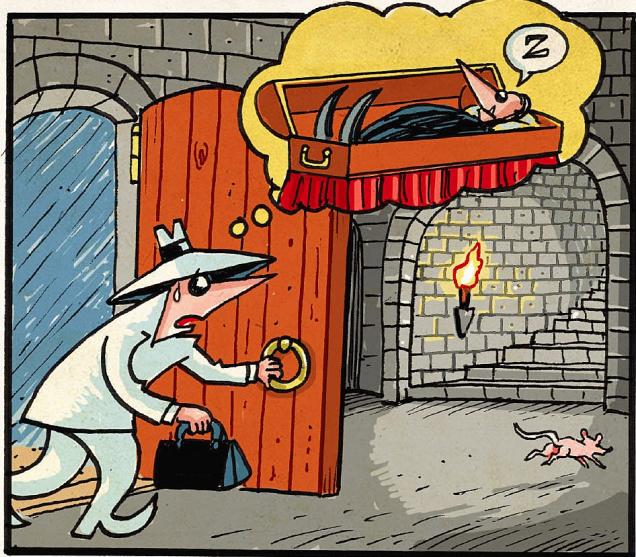
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT.



SPY vs SPY



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



KUPER



WICKEDLY WREAKING

WRITER & ARTIST **TOM BUNK**





OUT STANDING IN HIS FIELD DEPT.

THE WISENHEIM MUSEUM

Over its notorious 66-year history, MAD has left its mark on (some might say scarred) generations of creative types! Here in The Wisenheim Museum, we invite those visionaries to pay tribute to (some might say get back at) the magazine that set them on their creative (some might say degenerate) course!

WHAT, ME EVIL?

by Gris Grimly

I grew up in a conservative home ruled by old-time religion. This is a treacherous path for any juvenile to tread, especially in the '80s, when so much materialism was unvirtuous. MAD Magazine was no exception. MAD was decadent eye candy for prepubescent boys like me who were drawn to artistic media—and it was forbidden due to its ability to corrupt young minds. So I had to sneak down to the liquor store after school, and for the "cheap" price of \$1.35 (which was often paid with loose change) I could go home with a brand-new, slightly fingered issue of MAD. I would hide this contraband in my camouflage backpack, between my math and phonics books. Once in my room, I would indulge in satirical comic genius.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, MAD issues would be the most important educational books of my youth. These were my first instructors in the school of art. Jack Davis taught me that shape language can be exaggerated and yet realistic. Don Martin taught me to bend feet and fan fingers. Mort Drucker taught me that the art of caricature is as much in the hands as it is in the face. And Spy vs. Spy taught me to trust no one. Now that I'm an adult, I look back and agree 100 percent with my mom. MAD did corrupt my mind. But it also made me the artist I am today.

GRIS GRIMLY is an award-winning illustrator best known for his "macabre" yet humorous books for children and young adults. For almost 20 years, his distinctive style and wide selection of mediums have captivated a variety of loyal fans worldwide. Outside of the publishing world, he has contributed his unique vision to film, animation, apparel design, and consumer products.

grisgrimly.com



G. GRIMLY

52¢

ANNOYED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
ABSURDITY

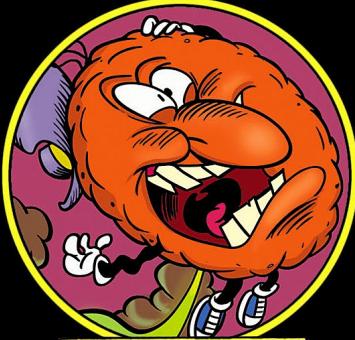
THE POTRZEBIE OF FEAR

VEGAN ZOMBIES!

FEATURING...



PATERNAL COMPLIANCE!



GASTRO DEFIADE!



WEIRD SCIENCE!

NOT
IN THIS
ISSUE -

VEGAN ZOMBIES!

MMMM...THIS
NEW "BEYOND BRAINS"
GRAY MATTER SUBSTITUTE
IS KICKASS!

MEH,
IT'S OKAY. I HAD A
BLACK BRAIN BURGER
AT TGI DOOMSDAY'S THAT
WAS TO LIVE FOR!



PLUS

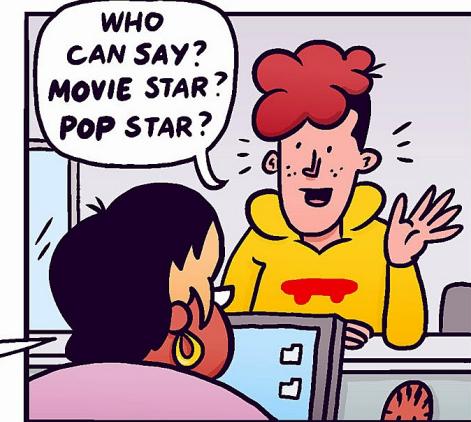
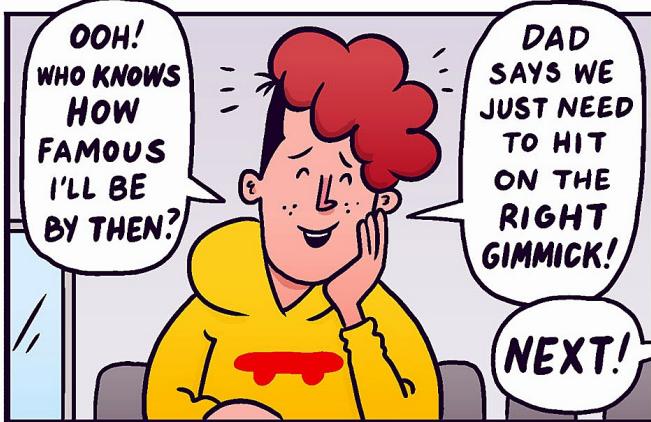
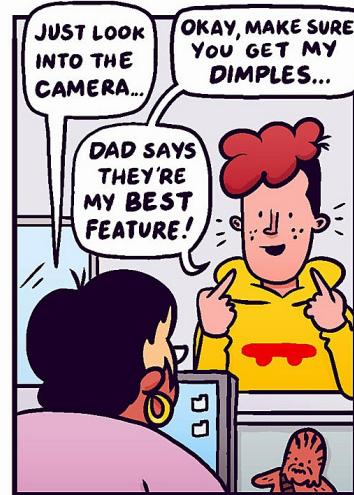
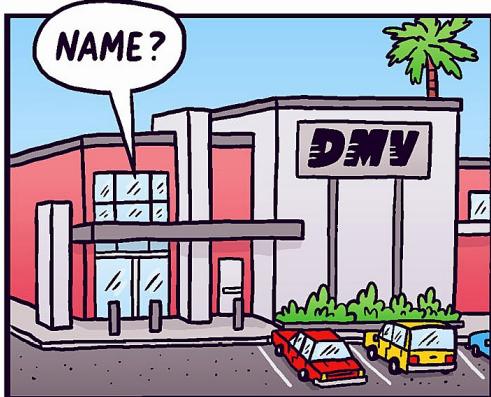
The conclusion of **THE SCHLEPPING DEAD!**

ARTIST JOHN LUCAS
COLORIST NATHAN KANE

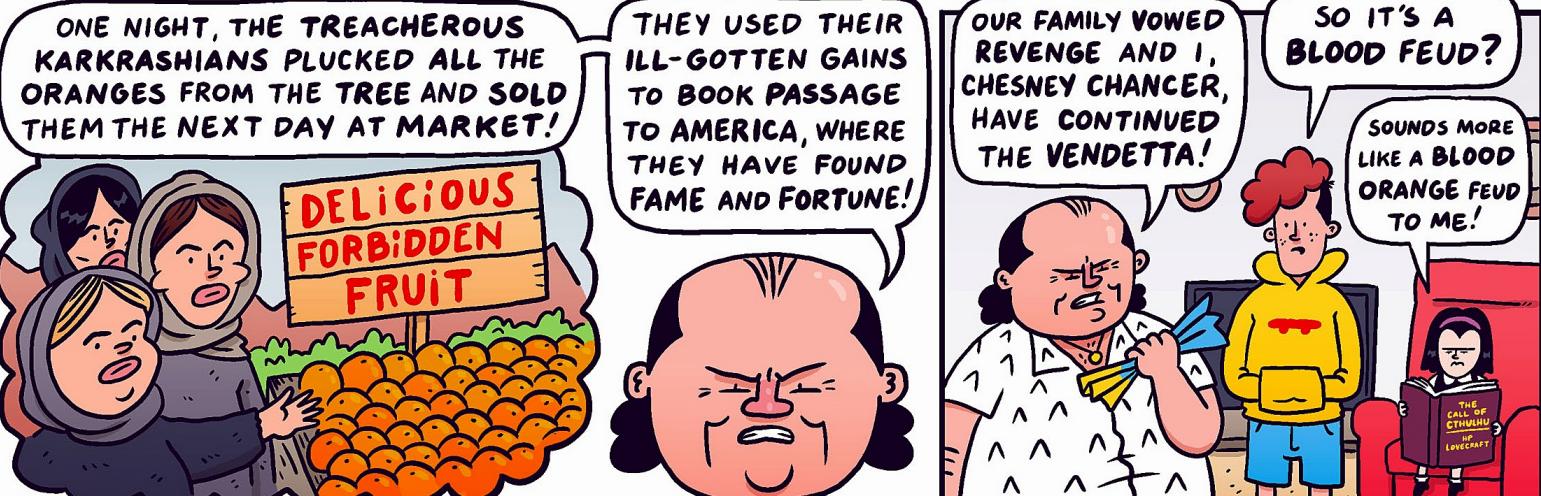
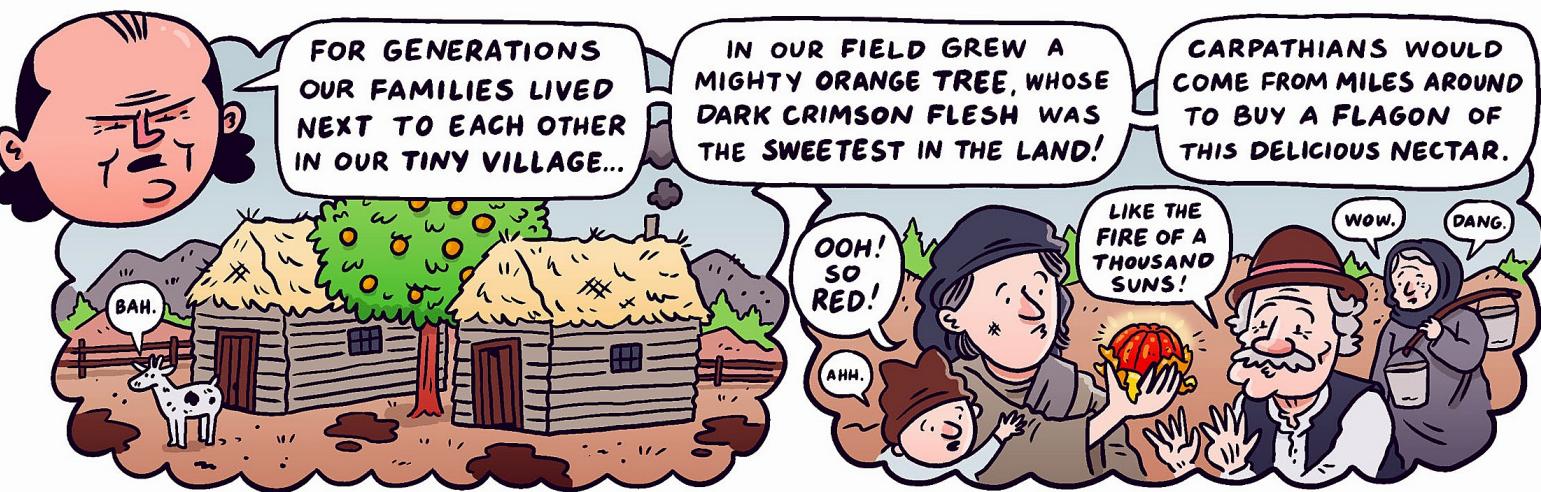
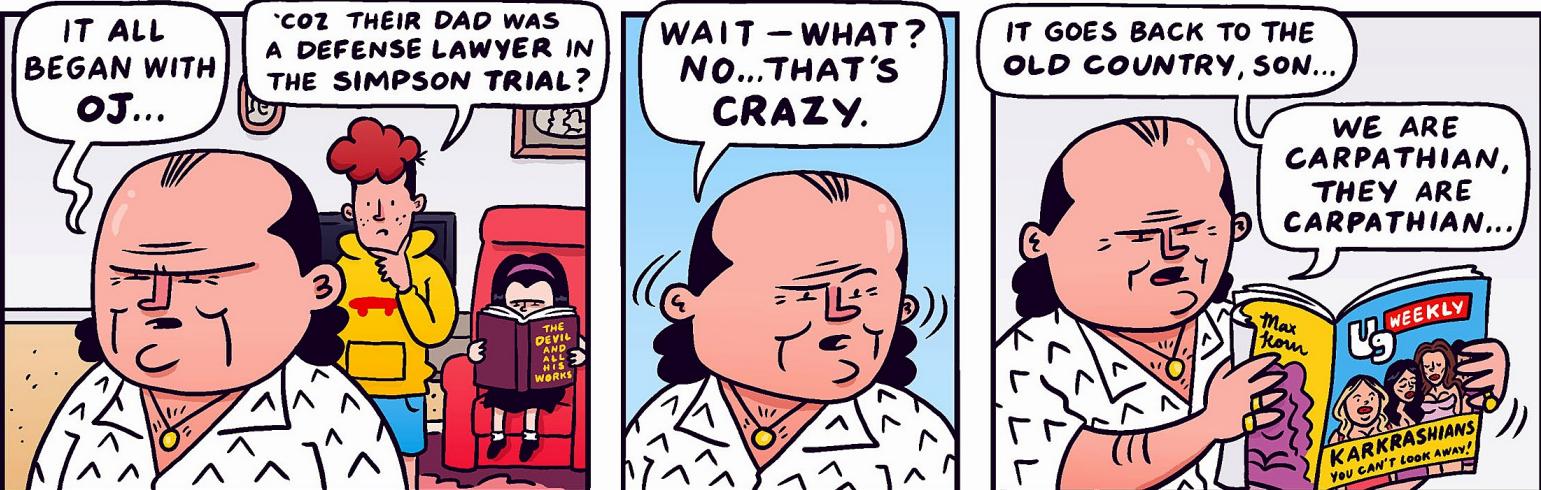
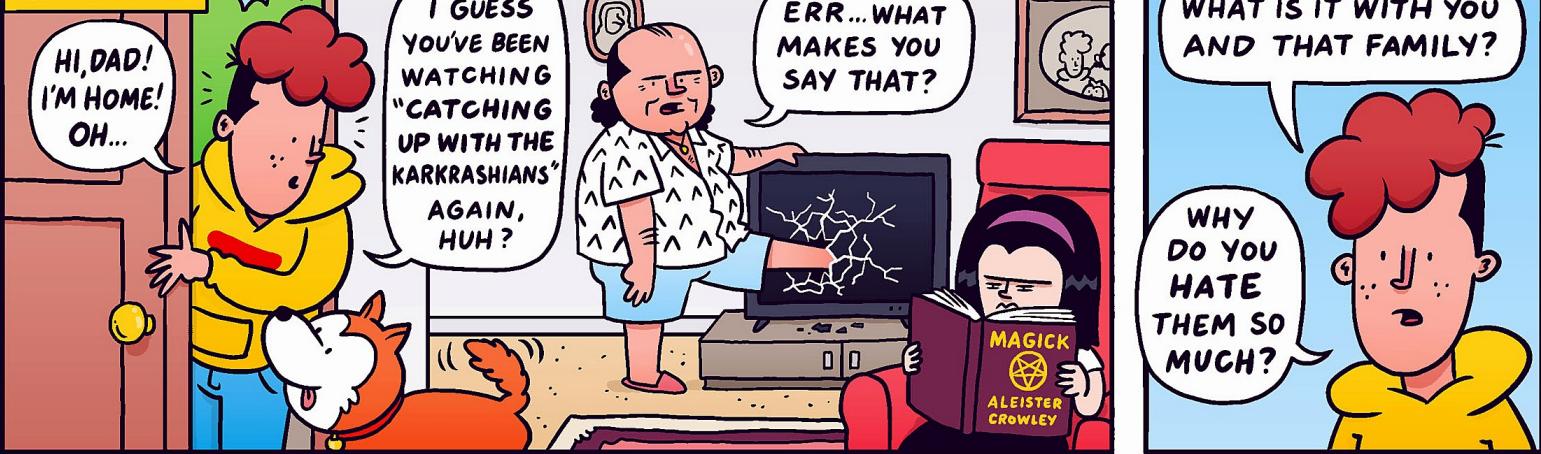
(Only in select Transylvania
editions of Potrzebie Comics)

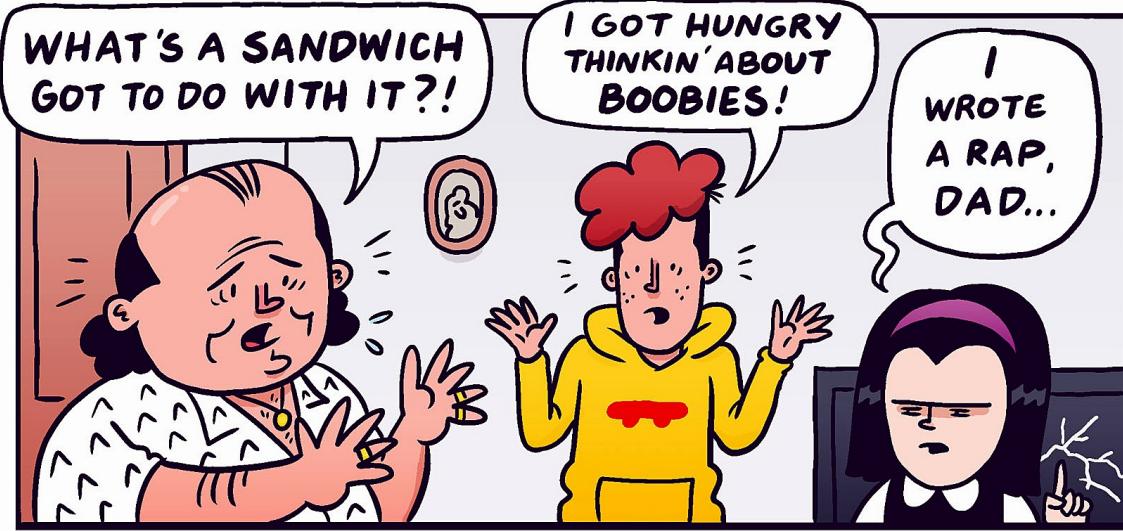
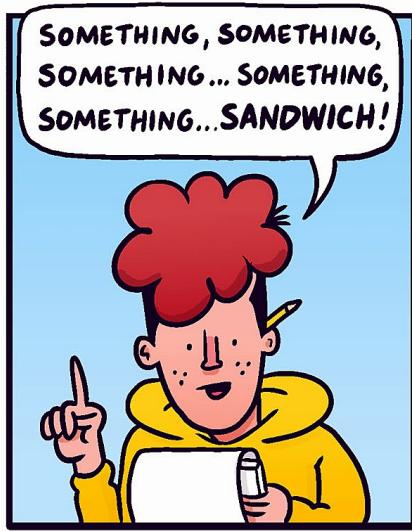
THE ★ CHANCERS

BY LUKE
MCGARRY



SOON...





SEVERAL VIOLENT VERSES LATER...

GRAB MY HEATER AND GET THE DROP,
DO A 187 ON AN UNDERCOVER COP!

★ W F 3 C
THE POLICE!!

BLINK

PANT
PANT

NOT NOW, PUMPKIN... DADDY'S BUSY.
BE A GOOD GIRL AND DO SOME
COLORING OR SOMETHING.

PAT
PAT



I CAN'T!!
J.B. ATE MY
CRAYONS!!!

IT'S NOT MY
FAULT!

THEY SMELLED
LIKE STRAWBERRIES!

GIVE
ME
STRENGTH.

MR. BISCUITS
IS SCRATCHING
AGAIN.

WIKKI-
WIK-WAK
WAW!



YOU KNOW, DOGS DOING
CLEVER TRICKS IS THE
BIGGEST THING ON
THE INTERNET NOW!

WIKKI
WIK

OF COURSE!
HOW COULD
I BE SO
BLIND?!

IT WAS STARING
ME IN THE FACE
ALL ALONG!

SLAP!



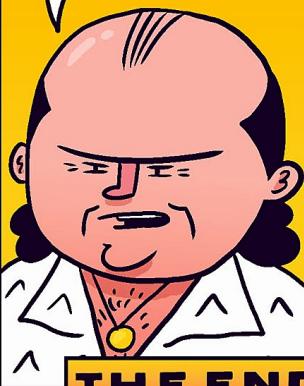
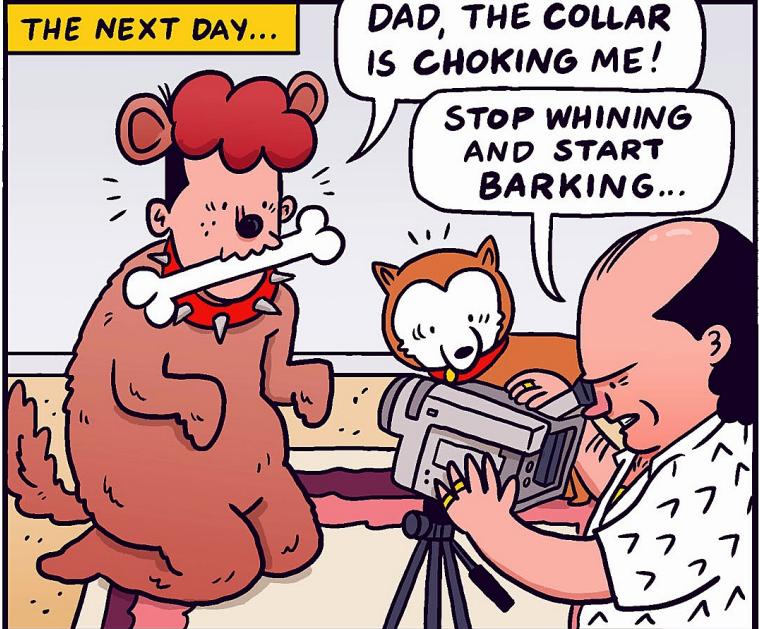
WE'RE GONNA
BE RICH!!!

THE NEXT DAY...

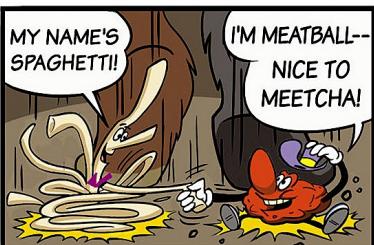
DAD, THE COLLAR
IS CHOKING ME!

STOP WHINING
AND START
BARKING...

...AND MAKE
IT SOUND LIKE
YOU'RE SAYING
"I LOVE YOU!"



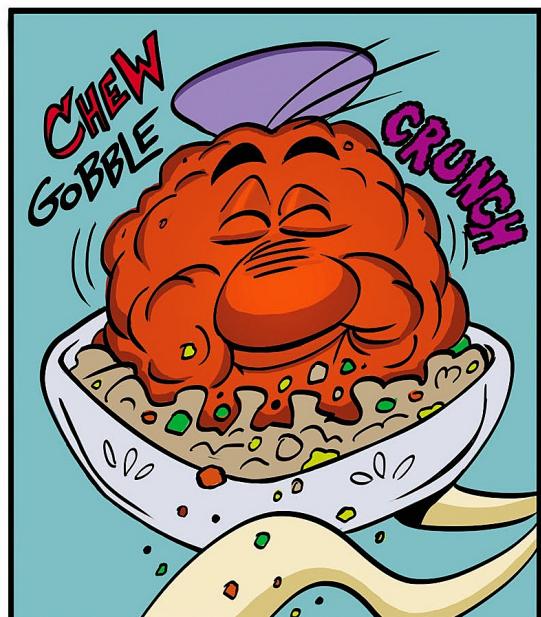
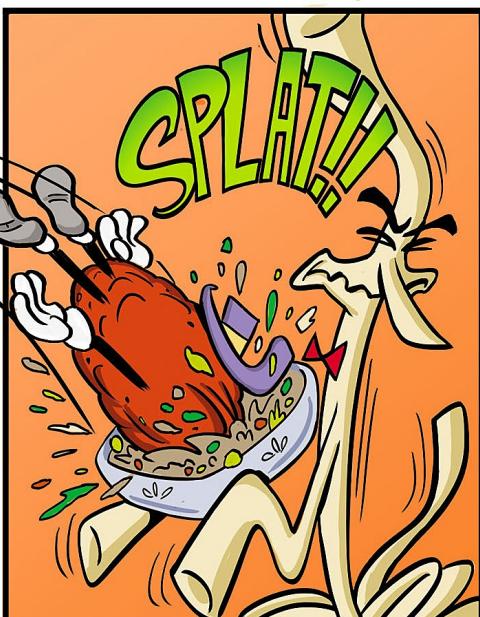
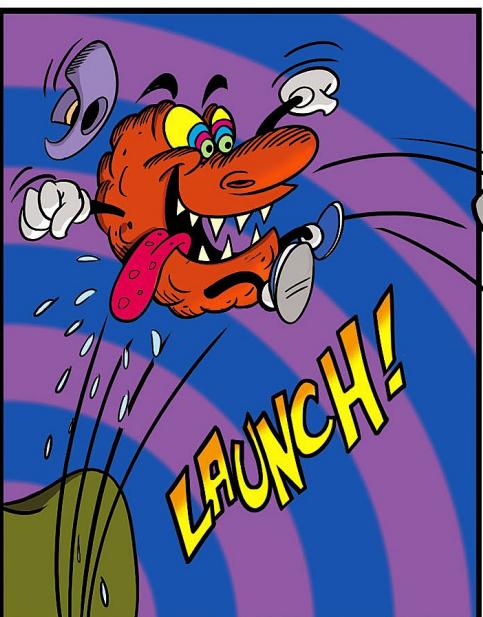
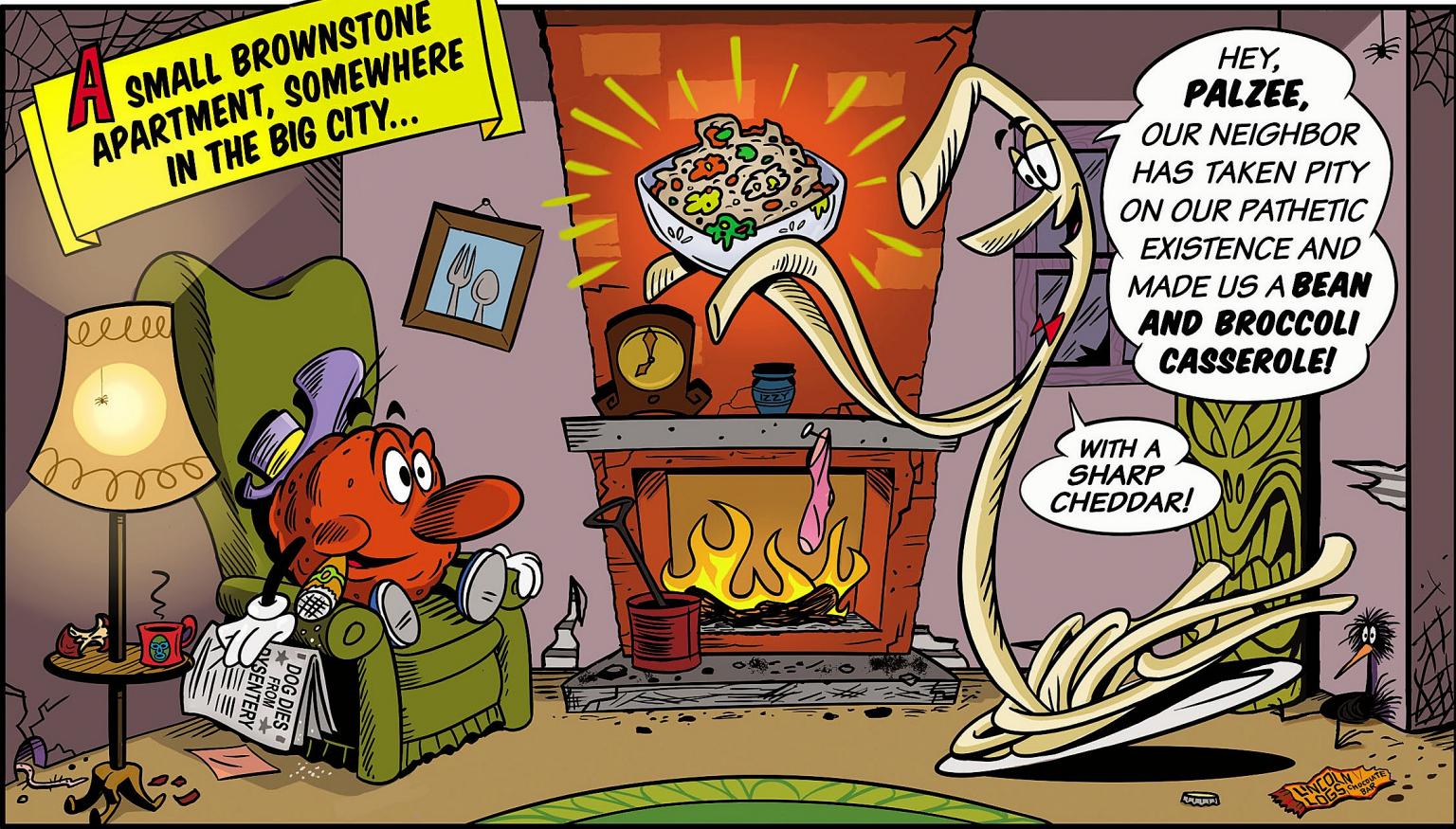
THE END

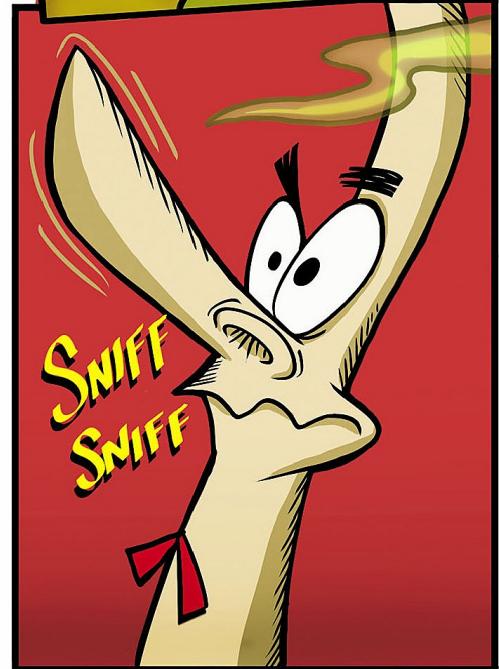
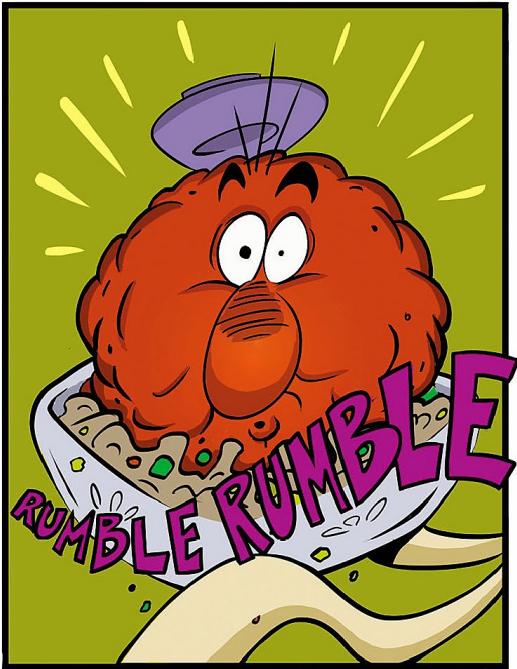


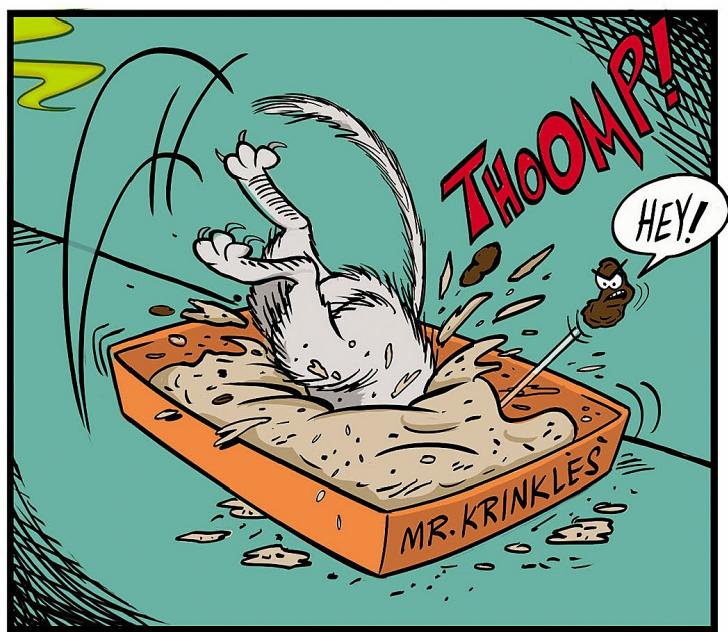
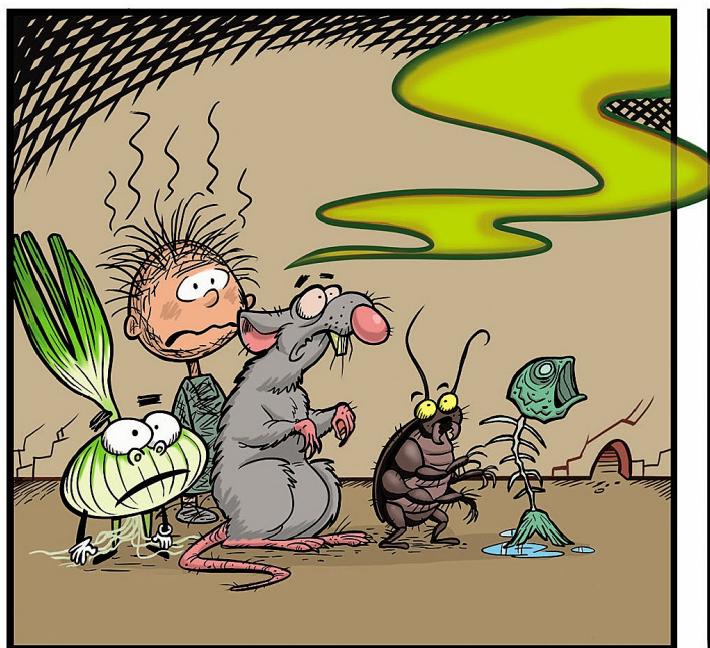
Spaghetti & MEATBALL

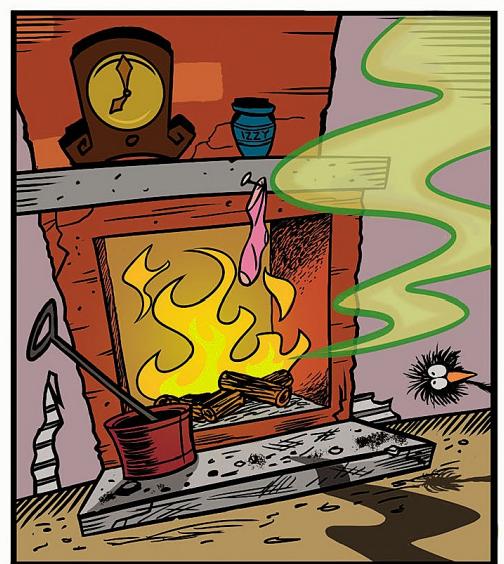
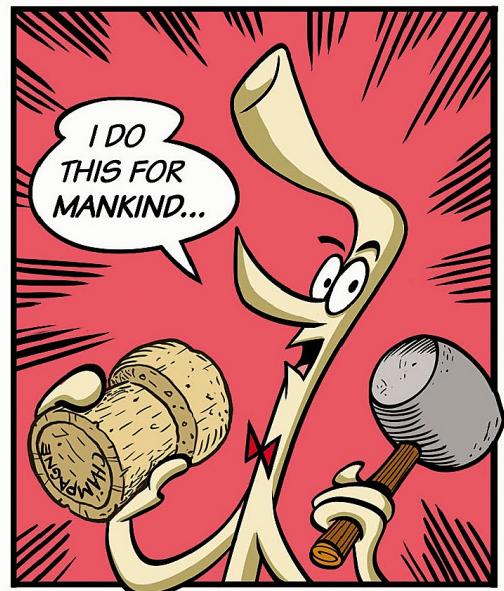
IN

DON'T LIGHT THAT MATCH!





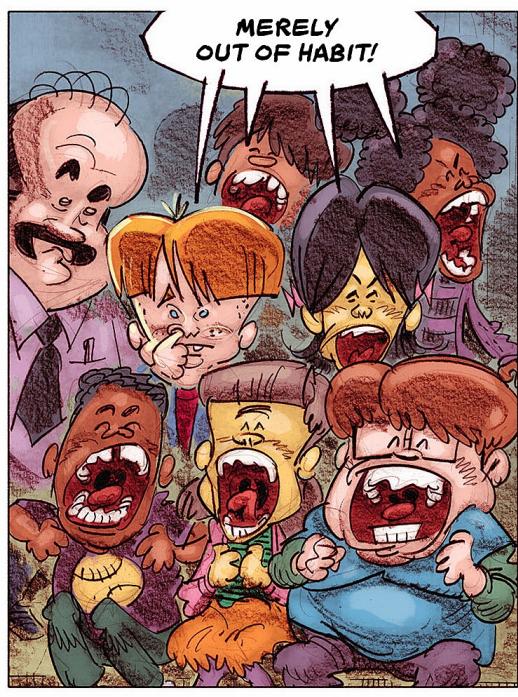
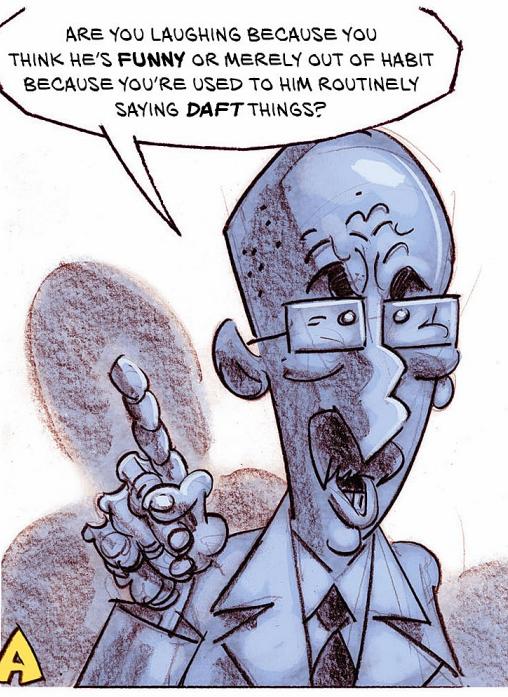
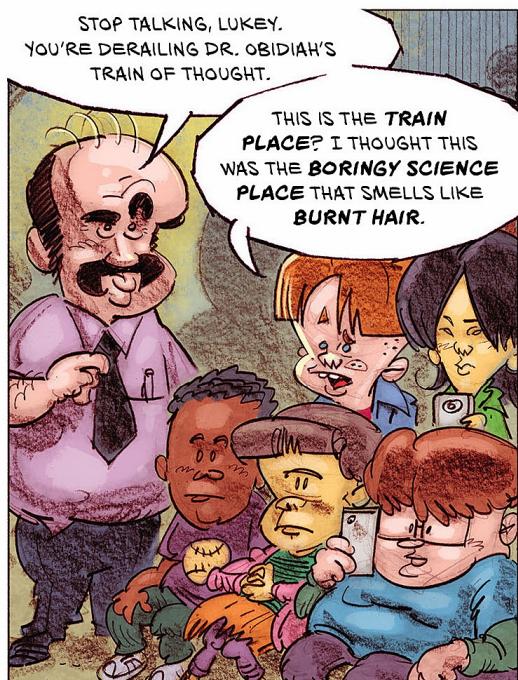
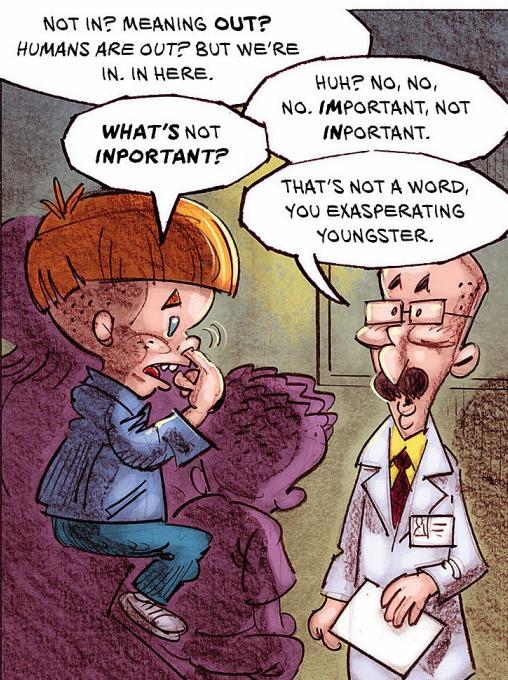
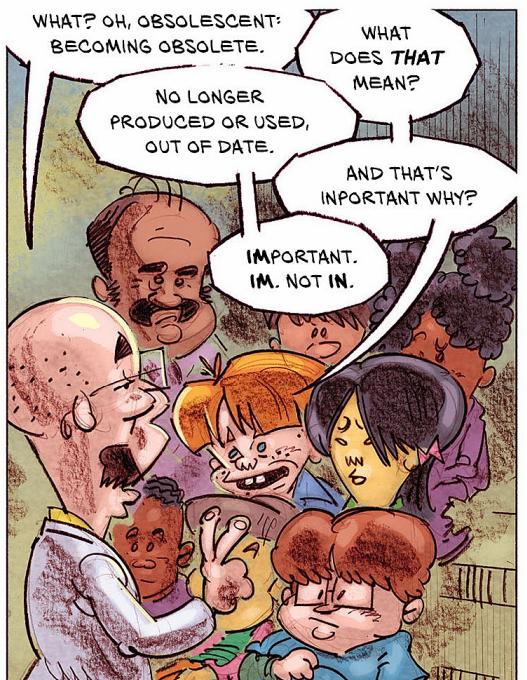
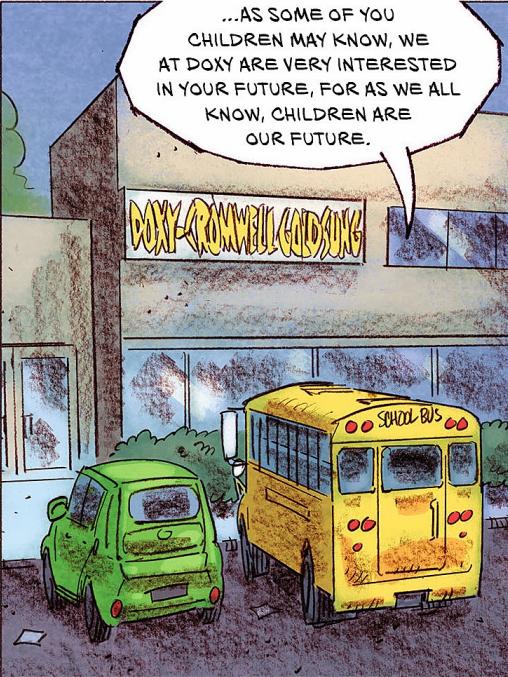


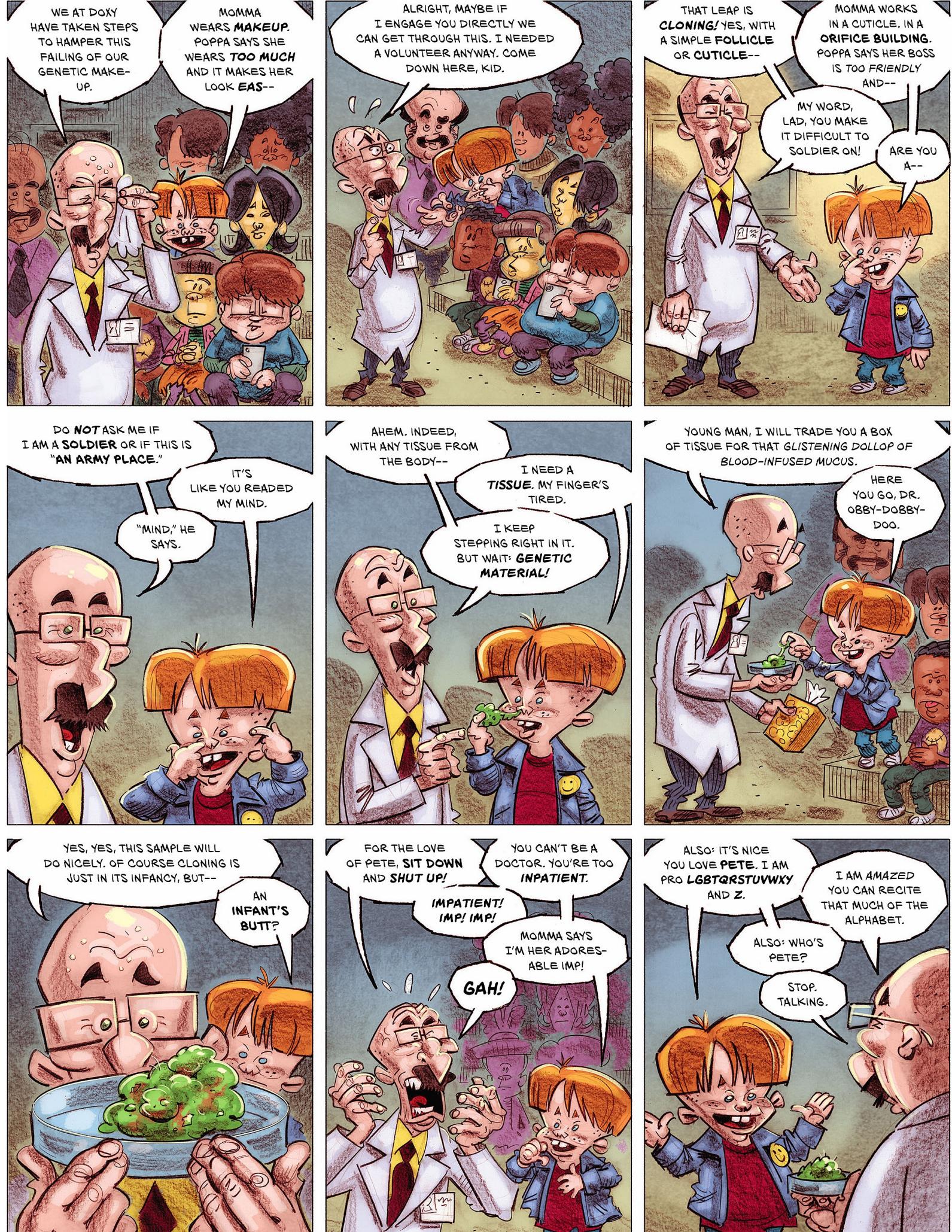


LUKEY & MUKEY

WRITER & ARTIST BOB FINGERMAN

WHEN LAST WE LEFT OUR CONTINUING SAGA, FALL HAD FALLEN, WHICH MEANT FIFTH-GRADE SCIENCE TEACHER MR. PAPADOPOULOS HAD TAKEN HIS STUDENTS ON THEIR ANNUAL CLASS TRIP TO THE LABS OF CHEMICAL GIANT DOXY-CROMWELL GOLDSUNG, INC. WE JOIN THEM AS DR. FREDERICK "HOT PEPPER" OBIDIAH COMMENCES HIS LECTURE.





TO THE SAMPLE I ADD DOXY'S EXCLUSIVE PATENTED INSTACLONE™ SOLUTION, NOW WITH VERIFAST-X13®.

IF NOTHING HAPPENING IS YOUR IDEA OF EXCITEMENT, THIS IS VERY EXCITING.

I HONESTLY CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE BEING SARCASTIC.

I HAVE IT SOMEWHERE. THE SUSPENSE IS KILLING ME.

AH, HERE IT IS: I AM, SAHEM!

"WEARILY SINCERE."

HOW IS IT YOU WEREN'T NAMED ERNEST?

I DON'T GET IT.

LATER. USUALLY BY NOW THERE'D BE AT LEAST SOME DISCERNIBLE CELLULAR MULTIPLICATION.

I CAN'T DO MULTIPLICATION WITHOUT MY CELLULAR...

PHONE.

SIGH: I BEGIN TO RECOGNIZE THE PATTERN OF YOUR -- DARE I CATEGORIZE IT AS SUCH -- THOUGHT PROCESS.

SIGH:

IF I GIVE THE BOOGER THE HAIRY EYEBALL IT'LL MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN.

FOLLOW YOUR BLISS, KID.

I CAN FEEL SOMETHING HAPPENING, DR. O.

YUP. THAT'S IT: I BURSTED A EYE VASSAL.

IT'S VESSEL. A VASSAL IS A HOLDER OF LAND BY FEUDAL TENURE ON CONDITIONS OF HOMAGE AND ALLEGIANCE. A VESSEL IS--

OH WHY BOTHER?

HA! THAT'S WHAT MOMMA SAYS ALLA TIMES!

IS SHE TIRED? I MEAN ALWAYS? LIKE, SERIOUSLY WORN OUT?

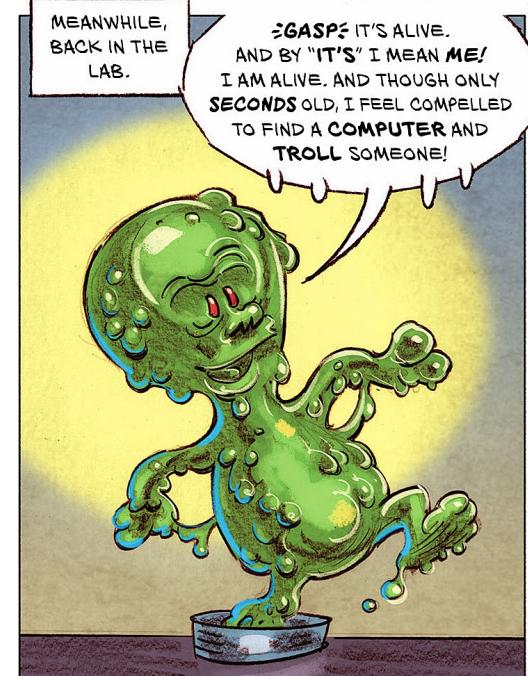
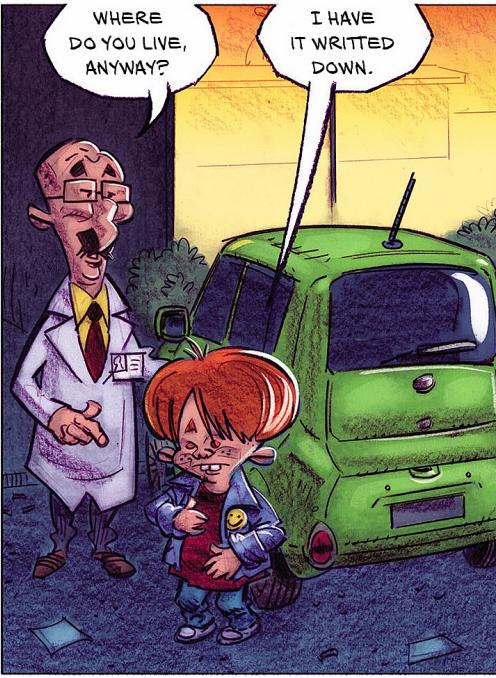
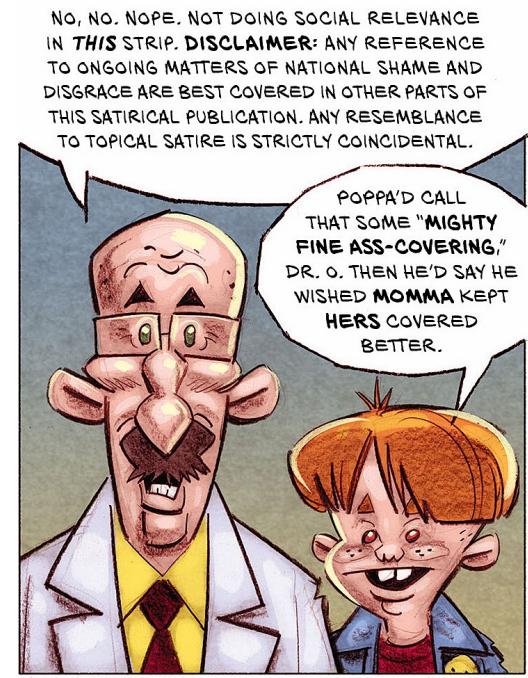
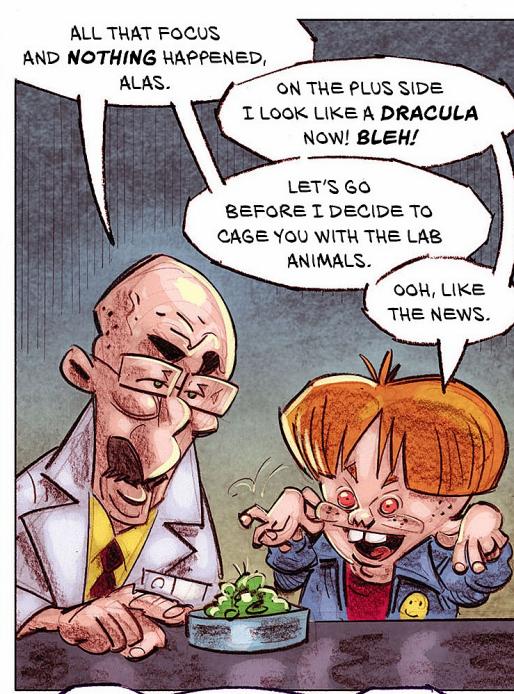
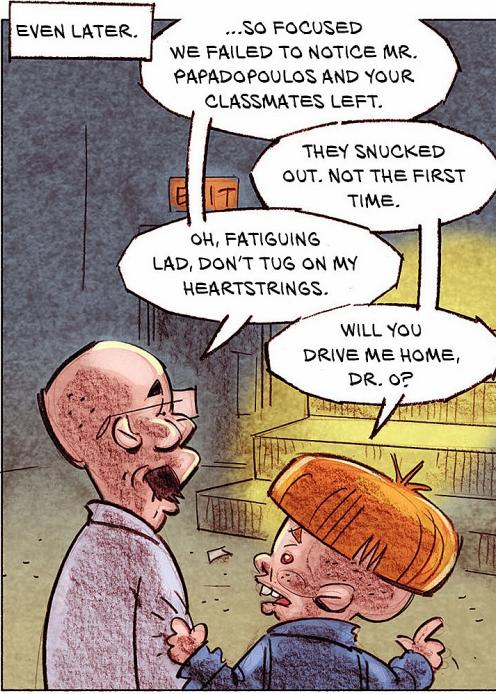
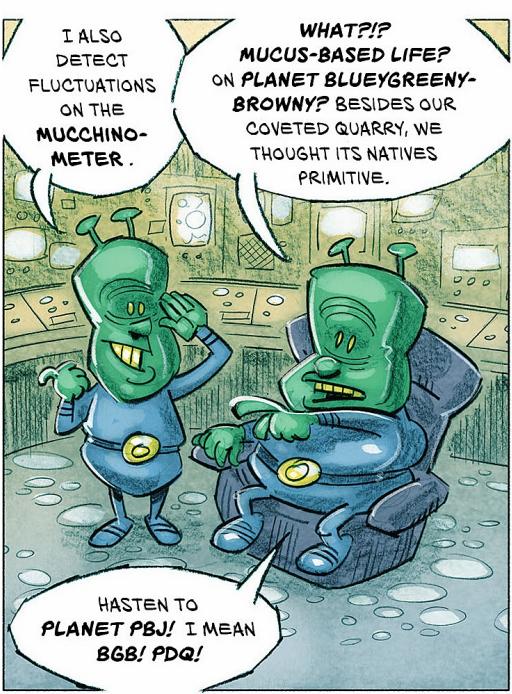
IT'S LIKE YOU KNOW HER!

MEANWHILE, IN THE INKY BLACKNESS OF SPACE.

COMMANDER, SIGNALS FROM THE INKIBLAKNISSEOMETER INDICATE WE'RE NEAR THE HOME-WORLD OF THE ENTICERS.

NICE, NICE.

Pop!



NEXT: MAKE MINE MUKEY!



WHAT A GORE DEPT.

Brian Posehn here, warning you to sharpen your coat hangers because Michael Myers and his creepy Shatner mask are back and ready to get stabby! Lots has changed since Michael first made us soil ourselves in 1978 (Jamie Lee Curtis now recommends Activia to help with that). Let's see how modern times might affect a movie about a giant weirdo chasing dumb teenagers in the...

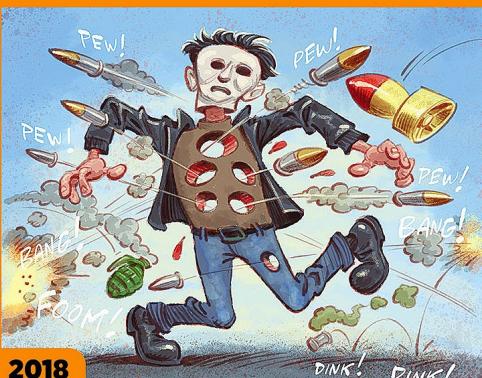
DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE ORIGINAL HALLOWEEN & HALLOWEEN 2018



POLICE RESPONSE



1978



2018

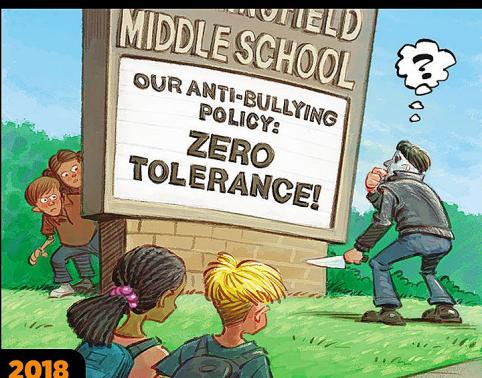


FREEZE!

BULLIES



1978



2018



STOMP! THUD! KA-RUNCH!

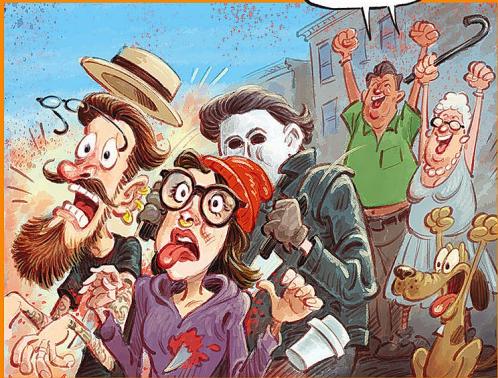
TOAST



1978



2018

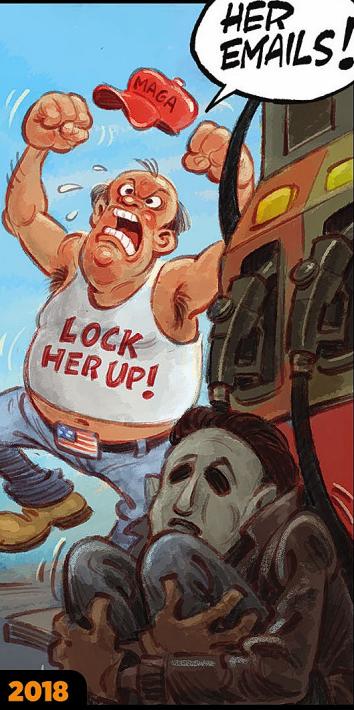


HOORAY!

JUMP SCARES



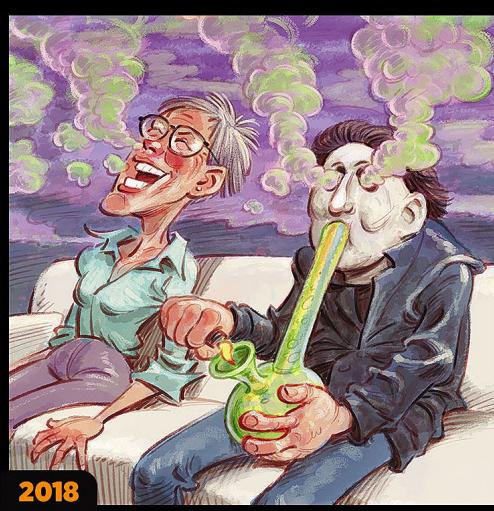
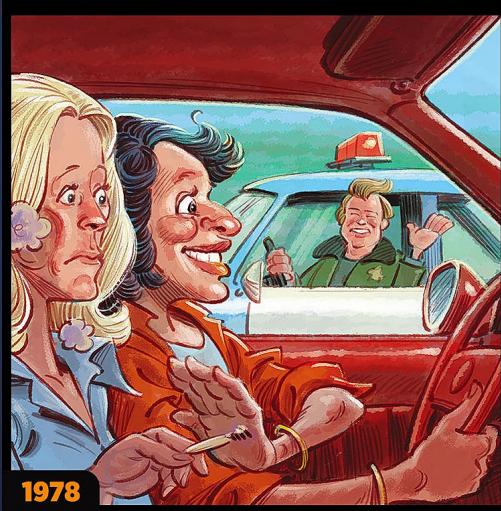
SMALL-TOWN FOLKS



PHONES

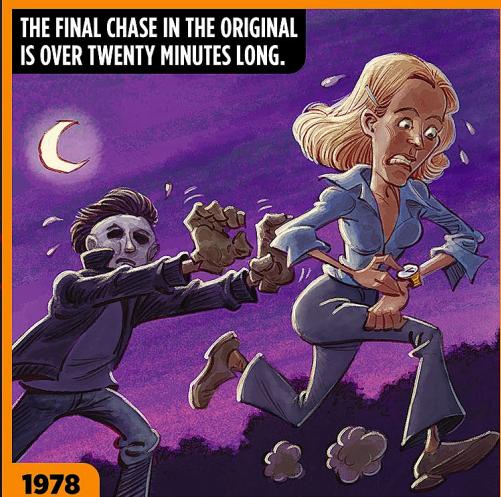


CERTAIN SMOKABLE SUBSTANCES

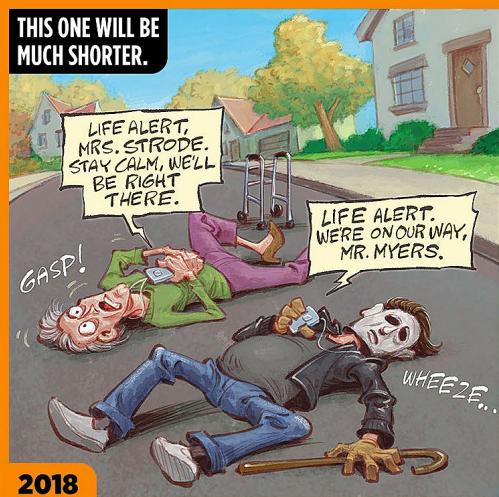


THE FINAL CHASE

THE FINAL CHASE IN THE ORIGINAL IS OVER TWENTY MINUTES LONG.

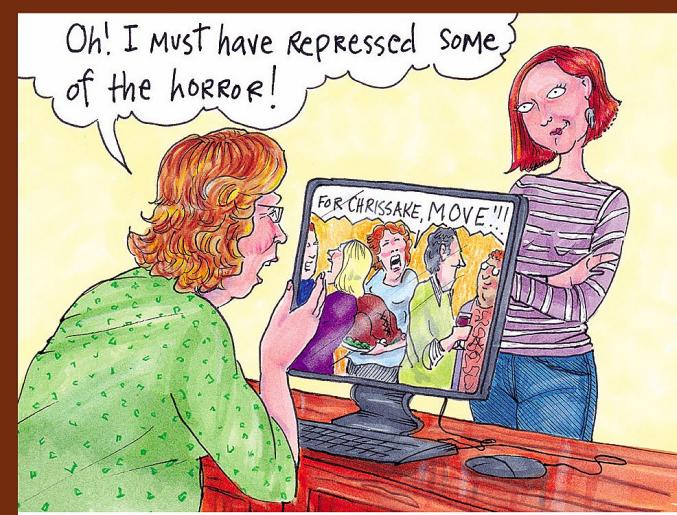


THIS ONE WILL BE MUCH SHORTER.





Pass the time while stuck in the heaviest traffic of the year by playing "What's this?" with all the crap in your backseat.



Get some footage of the hostess when she's at her most wigged-out, then play it back if she talks about hosting again next year.

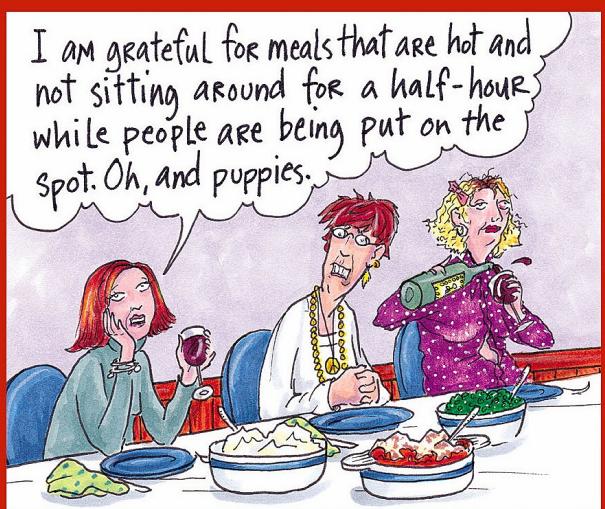


GET STUFFED DEPT.

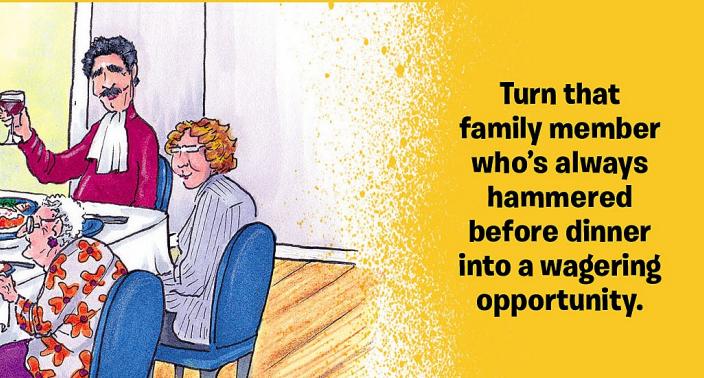
The family, the football, the food...what's not to love about Thanksgiving? Well, for some, it's the family, the football...and a few other things that keep us from feeling gobs of gratitude. But don't worry: You'll want second helpings of all this holiday has to offer after reading...

LET'S HAVE FUN

When your most hippy-dippy relative makes everyone go around and say what they're grateful for, give the winning answer.



Every time politics comes up, turn on your fake Tourette's.



Yeah, it's true, and they found, using high-frequency listening devices, that you can actually hear them scream when they are getting mashed.



When the vegan can't stop mentioning his yummy Tofurky, remind him of the article you read about how potatoes feel pain.



Download a thermal-camera app so you can capture all those post-pie farts.

WITH WHAT YOU HATE ABOUT THANKSGIVING

WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



Avoid seeing everyone with their top button undone by surprising guests with complimentary sweatpants.

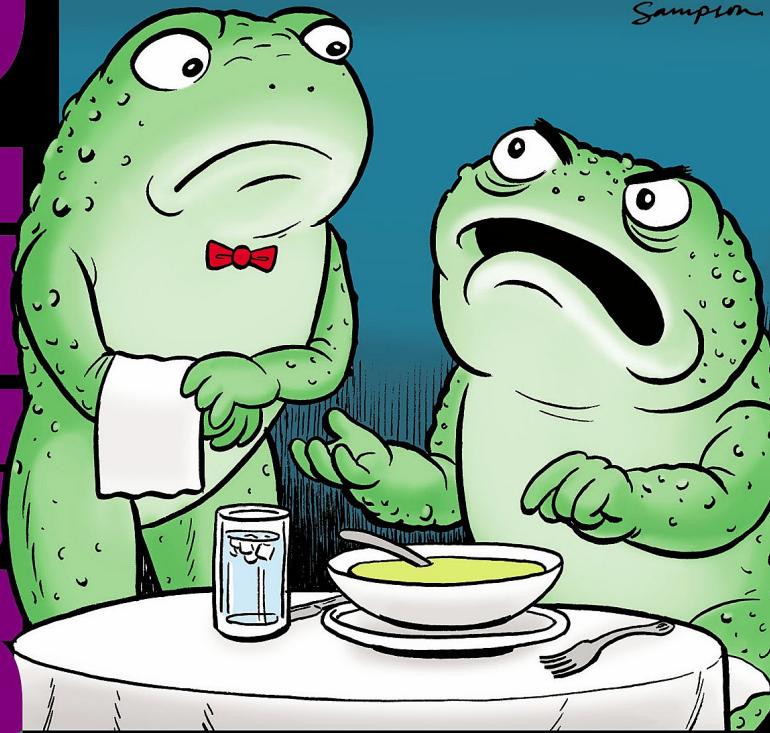


Use the ol' "butter fingers" excuse to get out of helping with cleanup.



After dinner, enjoy a round of "stuffing ball" with the folks who are passed out in the living room.

SHIRTLESS



"WAITER - THERE'S NO FLY IN MY SOUP!"

WRITER & ARTIST JOHNNY SAMPSON



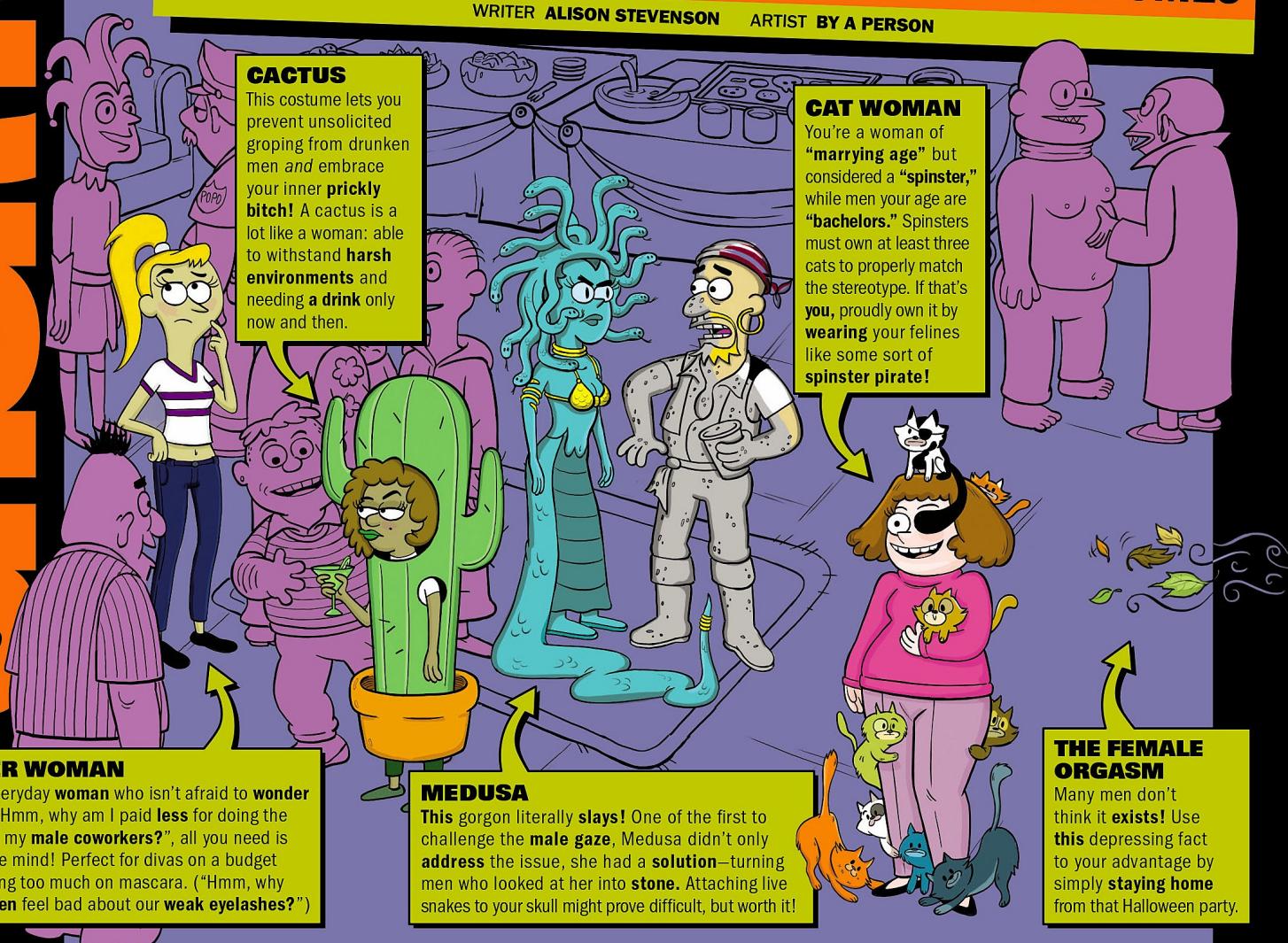
WRITER KIT LIVELY

ARTIST SCOTT NICKEL

A GUIDE TO FEMINIST HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

WRITER ALISON STEVENSON

ARTIST BY A PERSON



CACTUS

This costume lets you prevent unsolicited groping from drunken men and embrace your inner **prickly bitch!** A cactus is a lot like a woman: able to withstand **harsh environments** and needing a **drink** only now and then.

CAT WOMAN

You're a woman of "marrying age" but considered a "spinster," while men your age are "bachelors." Spinsters must own at least three cats to properly match the stereotype. If that's **you**, proudly own it by **wearing** your felines like some sort of **spinster pirate!**

WONDER WOMAN

To be this everyday **woman** who isn't afraid to **wonder** things like, "Hmm, why am I paid **less** for doing the **same job as my male coworkers?**", all you need is an inquisitive mind! Perfect for divas on a budget after spending too much on mascara. ("Hmm, why should **women** feel bad about our **weak eyelashes?**")

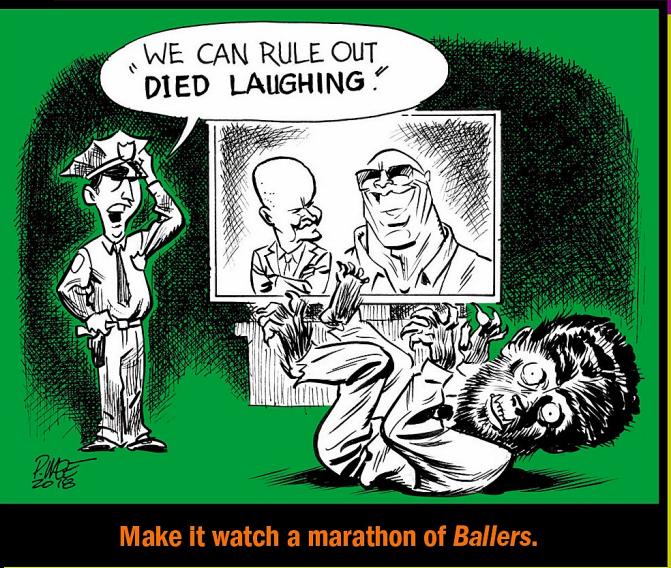
MEDUSA

This gorgon literally **slays!** One of the first to challenge the **male gaze**, Medusa didn't only **address** the issue, she had a **solution**—turning men who looked at her into **stone**. Attaching live snakes to your skull might prove difficult, but worth it!

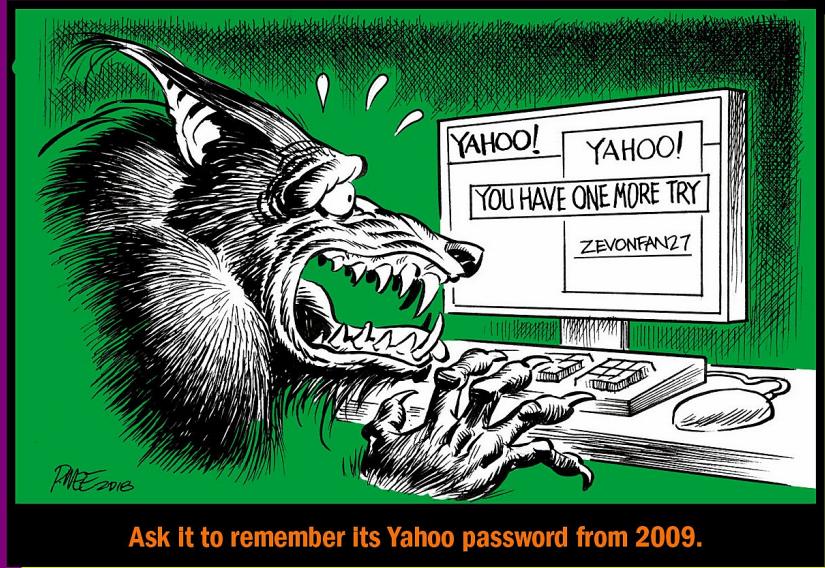
THE FEMALE ORGASM

Many men don't think it **exists!** Use this depressing fact to your advantage by simply **staying home** from that Halloween party.

HOW TO DEFEAT A WEREWOLF IN 2018



Make it watch a marathon of *Ballers*.



Ask it to remember its Yahoo password from 2009.

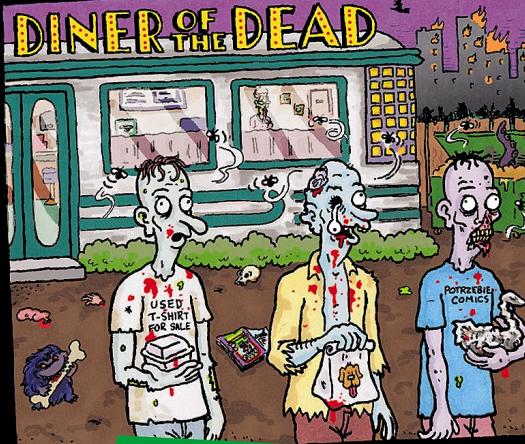
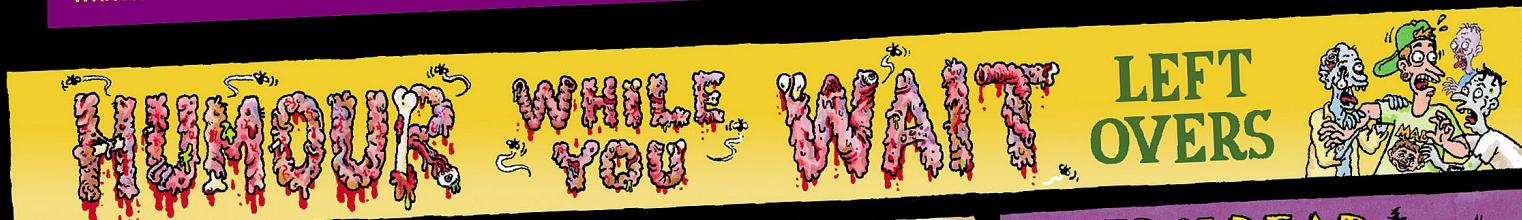


Buy it tickets to a Taylor Swift and Ed Sheeran concert.

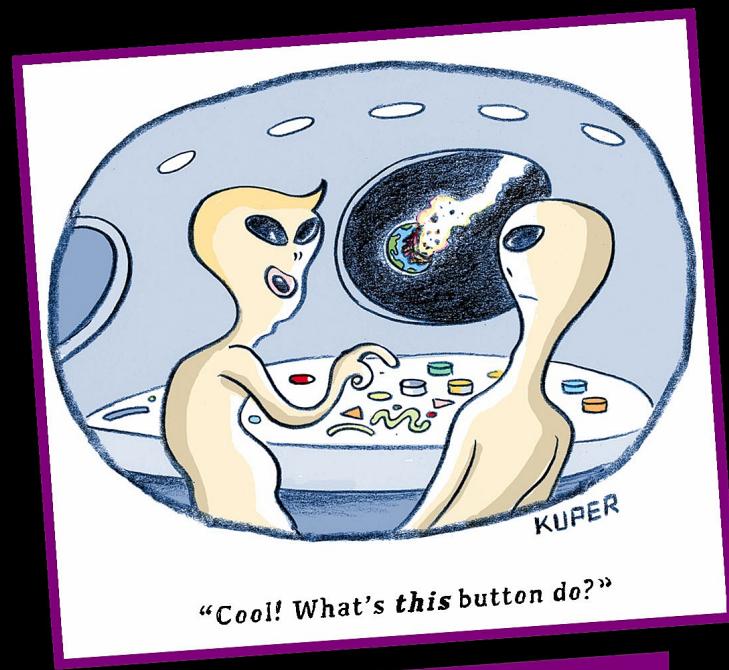
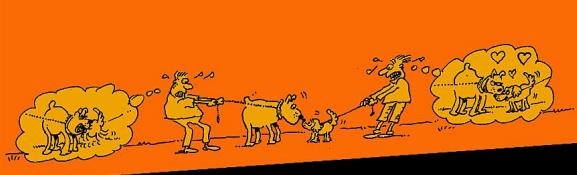


Sign it up for Twitter.

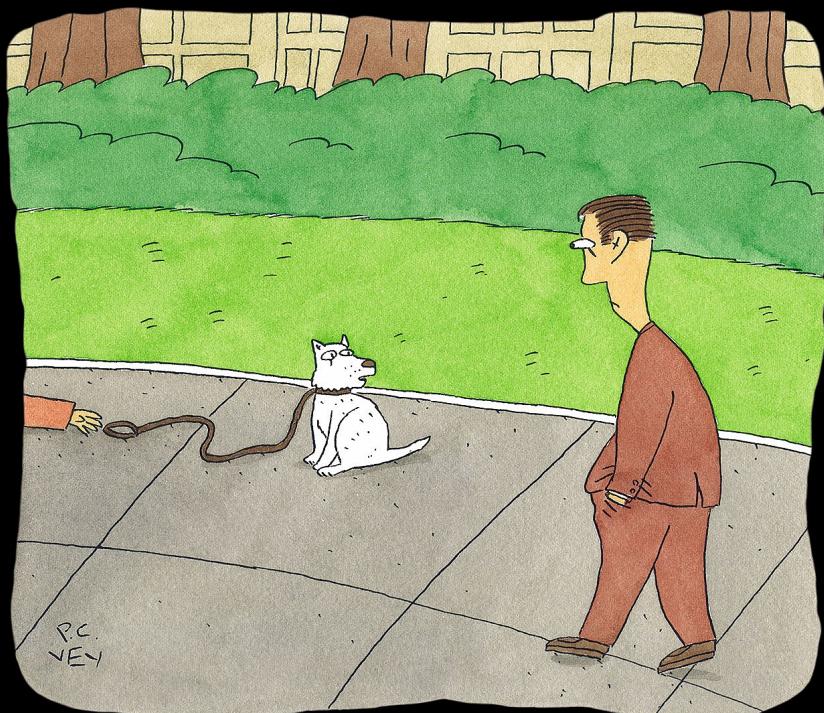
WRITER BROCKTON MCKINNEY ARTIST PAUL WEE



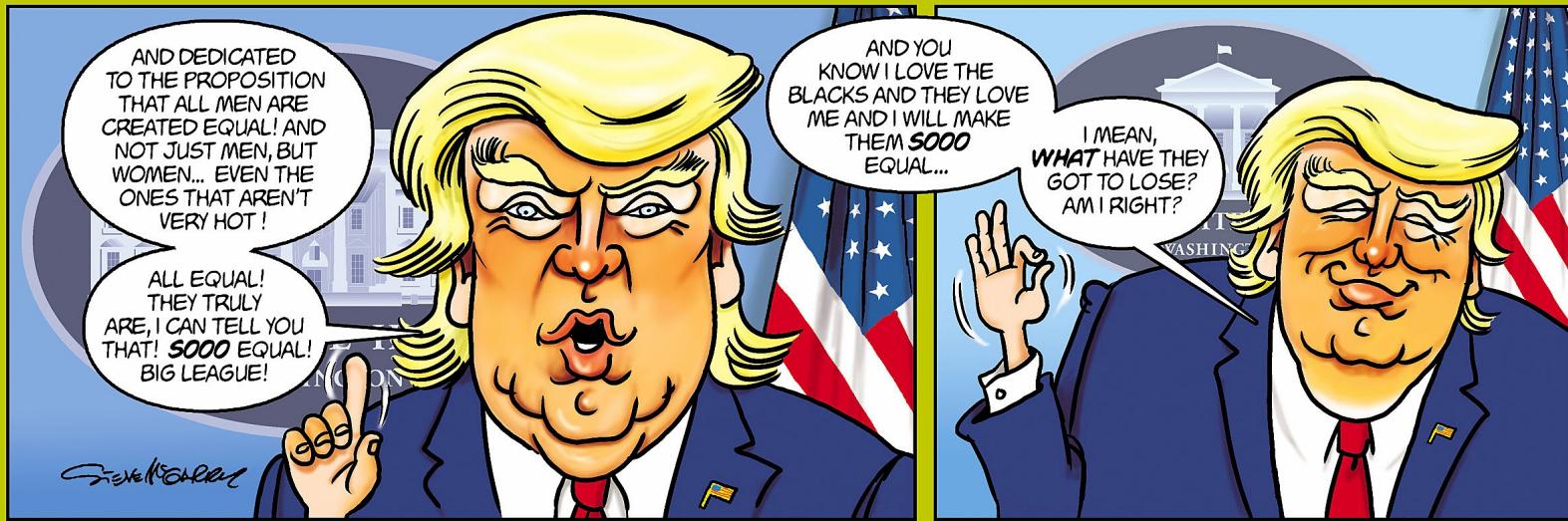
WRITER & ARTIST KYLE BRIDGETT



WRITER & ARTIST PETER KUPER



WRITER & ARTIST P.C. VEY



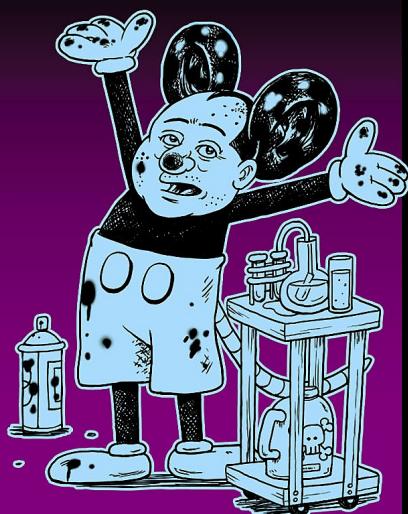
WRITER & ARTIST STEVE MCGARRY

MAKE YOUR OWN HALLOWEEN COSTUMES...CHEAP!



Beloved Pokémon character PIKACHU

1. Ears: Disassemble propeller blades of German World War One Aviatik (don't settle for a Fokker!). Paint yellow with black tips.
2. Instead of makeup, develop dangerous levels of bilirubin by contracting cirrhosis, gallstones, or hepatitis—leading to a case of jaundice.
3. Paint pink circles on cheeks. Get ready to be part of the “all” that must be caught!



Hey, kids, dress like MICKEY MOUSE

1. Mimic genetics experiment where they grew human ear on back of mouse, only volunteer at lab to do opposite—on your head.
2. Repeat Step 1 on other side of head.
3. Paint mouse ears black.
4. Hire army of super-lawyers for inevitable Disney lawsuit.



Charlie Brown's best friend, SNOOPY

1. Capture perfect Snoopy white by obtaining sediment-free Antarctic glacier ice; sculpt to fit entire body.
2. Maintain freezing temperatures by “borrowing” array of supercooling equipment from semiconductor factory.
3. For little black nose, visit grocery store and demand to buy single charcoal briquette. If they make you buy whole bag, recruit 500 friends to also be Snoopy!



Want to be breakout superhero BLACK PANTHER?

1. If you're white, don't do it.

WRITER ROB KUTNER

ARTIST TRAVIS MILLARD



Leave the bottle.

WRITER & ARTIST JASON CHATFIELD



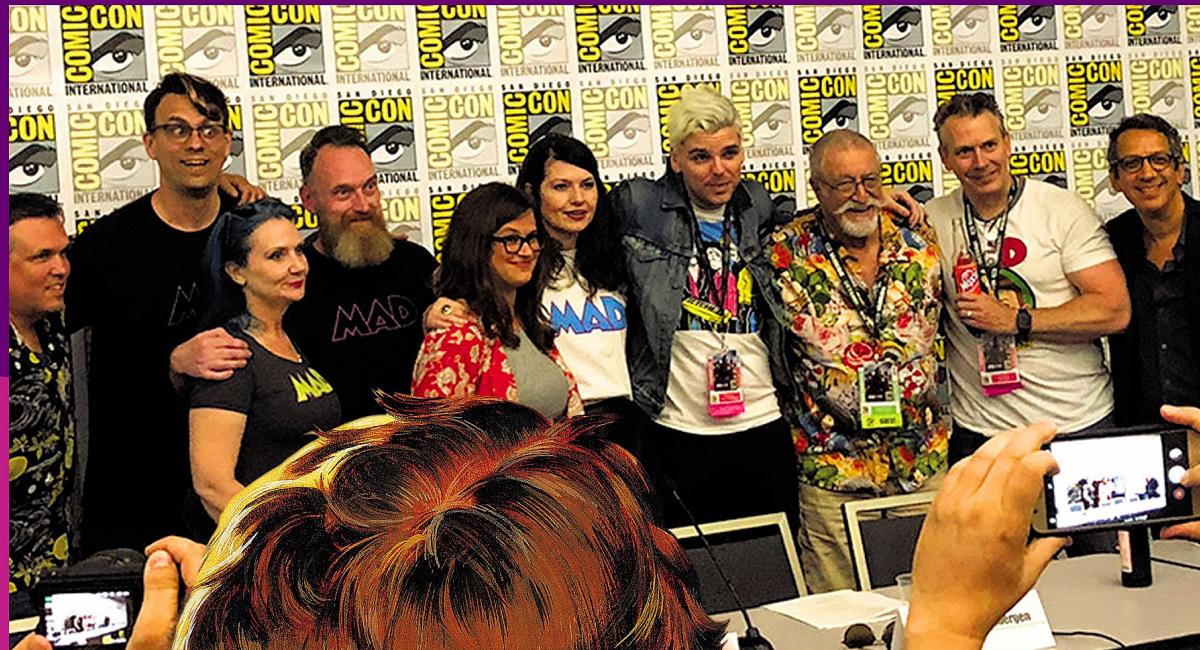
“Welp, time to move.”

WRITER & ARTIST LARS KENSETH



MAD ABOUT SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

A derisive ditty, a touching toast, a pie in the puss, and more were packed into MAD's Comic-Con panel (which included, from left to right: **Bill Morrison, Dan Telfer, Suzy Hutchinson, Doug Thomson, Allie Goertz, Paula Sevenbergen, Luke McGarry, Sergio Aragonés, Tom Richmond, and Peter Kuper**; noggin in foreground: unknown). Didn't catch us in person? Make up for it by staring extra hard at all our work in this issue.



TYPE-A MAD FAN

The quality of your magazine has really gone down since 1975. The way it's set up has deterred vastly from its original format. Why? Computers!

They've destroyed the Garden of Eden that was once MAD, and we readers have bit into the technological apple.

I would like to request an issue of MAD be typed using typewriters. It would bring great pleasure.

Ren Houel, Avoca, MI

Antiquated in Avoca—Uh, sure, we'll unearth our Underwoods and get on that...as soon as we finish crafting some Iran-Contra jokes and organizing our eight-track tape collection. But be prepared for an increase in cover price—as in, the price to cover a vat of Wite-Out and our proofreader's mental-health care!

—**Alex Taffer, MAD Intern and Chief Letter Answerer**

HIS SPECIALTY IS THE FUNNY BONE

Here's how MAD has influenced me over the past 47 years:

- 1) Read MAD too much rather than study enough in medical school.
- 2) Skipped out of work twice to attend MAD art auctions (anything still for sale?).
- 3) Retained my juvenile humor to become a pediatrician rather than being a doctor for grown-ups.

Can you please publish this letter so I can add it to my résumé as a piece of scholarly work and get promoted?

Jeffrey W. Taub, Birmingham, MI

Dr. Wha?—Wait, pediatricians can get promoted? Do they just give you bigger, sicker kids? Do you guys have a caste system or something? Is there a "king pediatrician" who rules by decree and exiles those who don't hand out enough lollipops? We don't mean to belittle your profession, but your question only raises more questions.

Anyway, here you go, doc. You've now been published in a top MADical journal! —AT



ALFRED LOOK-ALIKE

For a few years I have promised my Alfred-looking son, Oliver, that I would try to submit an unaltered photo of him with the hope it could be printed in your silly magazine so we could show it to all our friends. For you this could mean as many as four extra issues sold!

William White & Son, San Francisco, CA

Great White Pop—We've long wondered how Alfred would look if his eyes were even and he was all-around more adorable. Thanks for solving that mystery! Now don't let the fame and glory of having your pic published in MAD go to your son's perfectly tousled-haired head. —AT



MONKEYS NO LONGER SHINE

I'm enjoying the reboot of the magazine, but something is missing. In the late Fundalini Pages, there was a feature called "Monkeys Are Always Funny." If a recurring feature is cancelled from a comedy magazine, one would conclude that it was no longer funny. But, wait—monkeys are ALWAYS funny, are they not?

Tim Young, Tokyo

Young Tim—Since MAD has been out of the monkey business, no one but you has piped up—which makes us wonder if monkeys aren't always funny. Regardless, for now it seems there would be too much overlap between covering simians and covering simpletons (i.e., certain White House occupants), but we'll keep the feature in mind for the future. P.S. We still have a Fundalini-like section—it's called Shorts & Briefs! —AT

FANCY-SCHMANCY ART OPENING



Artist Eric Joyner's recent gallery show in L.A. included his original painting for the cover of MAD No. 2 (appropriately, the Hollywood issue). We don't

know if he sold the piece, which features Alfred falling into cement head over sneakers, but if so we hope the buyer didn't pay Eric in tiki mugs like we did!

ENVELOPE OF THE ISSUE



We spied this beaut in our mailbag and thought we should give props to

TYLER ANDREWS

of West Hollywood, CA. Not only did he nail White Spy and Black Spy, he also nicely captured the old and new MAD logos. Good versus good!

REARWARD READER

I sure miss the letters department being the first thing I read when I get a new issue, but you guys must know what you're doing by now. So I started reading from back to front. A little OCD, I know.

Ben Carter, via email

Captious Carter—Funny enough, our pal Alfred E. Neuman reads his magazines the same way—bass-awards. So to please our MADscot, we did an about-face with our format. Glad to hear that the switcheroo didn't outsmart you! —AT

GIVE A HOOT. PUT OWLS EN ROUTE!

I tried to send this letter via owl, and as proof I have included photos of Toki (criticizing your magazine with his judgmental glare) and Frankie (trying to figure out if it would be better used as nesting material). So as you can see, I am a proper wizard and everything.

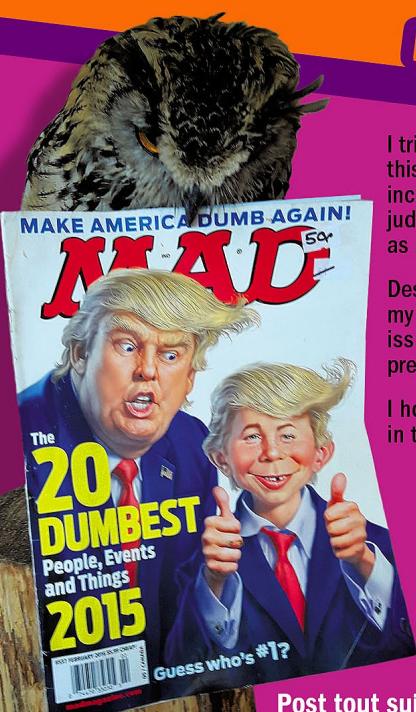
Despite my magical abilities, it is still hard to get MAD in this country. So imagine my joy when I found a few issues on a stall selling old comics. But the most recent issue was February 2016. I noticed a strange orange fellow was running for president. Did you know that in England "trump" is a euphemism for flatulence?

I hope you print my letter, and I can't wait to read it in your magazine in two-and-a-half years.

**Amy Jo Lawrance
West Yorkshire, England**

Amy Jo of West Yorkshire (May We Call You Puddin')—Though we're grateful to have a magical reader send us fart-based news, it's imperative that you understand owls are known for *delivering timely mail*. So don't settle for "try"—get these freeloaders registered with the Hogsmeade Owl

Post tout suite! It would be much faster than waiting for MAD to arrive on a British newsstand, and it will give them something to do other than trump around (thanks for teaching us that term of endearment, Puddin'). —AT



Each day we receive dozens of letters ranging from "barely legible" to "we should report this to the proper authorities." And though most are doomed to be fed into the MAD intern's shredder, occasionally we stumble upon a perfect candidate for...

THE MADIFESTO.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration

Headquarters
Washington, DC 20546-0001



Dearest MAD,

Every living thing has a dream it must chase or else its soul may wither and die. The ant's dream is to find the perfect crumb and show it to every ant that ever doubted him. The tour guide's dream is to say "If you'll look to your left..." and see, not just a few, but every head turn to witness the house that Ron Perlman grew up in. And then there is the astronaut's dream: to go to space. A dream that I, an astronaut, have been denied. And it's all because of Halloween.

In October of 2017, after being with NASA for 24 years, my boss Bradley informed me that I would be piloting the next shuttle mission. I've always prided myself on my ability to mask my emotions, but this time was different. I, a man who saw Chris Kattan do stand-up comedy at the mall and somehow managed to hold in my laughter, leapt from my chair. I thanked Bradley profusely, and then he invited me to his Halloween party. It was then that he handed me my death sentence.

After doing some research, I learned that historically Halloween is a night when people dress up as something they're not. I started trying to think of things I'm not. "A man?" No, I was that. Eventually I was able to jot down things I wasn't, and one immediately caught my eye: "belly dancer."

I arrived at the party with my wife I don't love feeling confident. I had spent all week getting into character and was ready for any curveball someone might throw. Perhaps they would ask what my favorite kind of music was. "Something I can belly dance to!" I'd reply. Maybe a partygoer would inquire where the bathroom was. "I don't know, but I'm certainly a belly dancer!" I'd shoot back. I was a woman of the East through and through.

The door opened and my entire life changed. My coworkers, not wearing costumes, stared at me in stunned silence. I tried to lighten the mood with an amusing comment from my character's perspective. "Why is the front door made of wood instead of beads?" My contemporaries continued to stare, and I began to cry. "Halloween is the designated time for goofing around!" I screamed. Bradley approached me and tried to calm me down. "Relax," he said. "Relax? Would you tell an ant to relax after he found the perfect crumb?" This seemed to confuse nearly everyone present. Realizing I was in an unwinnable situation, I left.

The next day I was taken off the mission. I was told that NASA prefers pilots who respond well to pressure instead of ones who go completely insane. And that is why I'm writing to you today: I need something akin to a doctor's note that says I'm A-OK, but my analyst refused. Surely MAD Magazine could supply such a document?

If not, maybe I'll just leave NASA and move to where I would feel most at home: Japan. Because that is where belly dancers are from.

Sincerely,

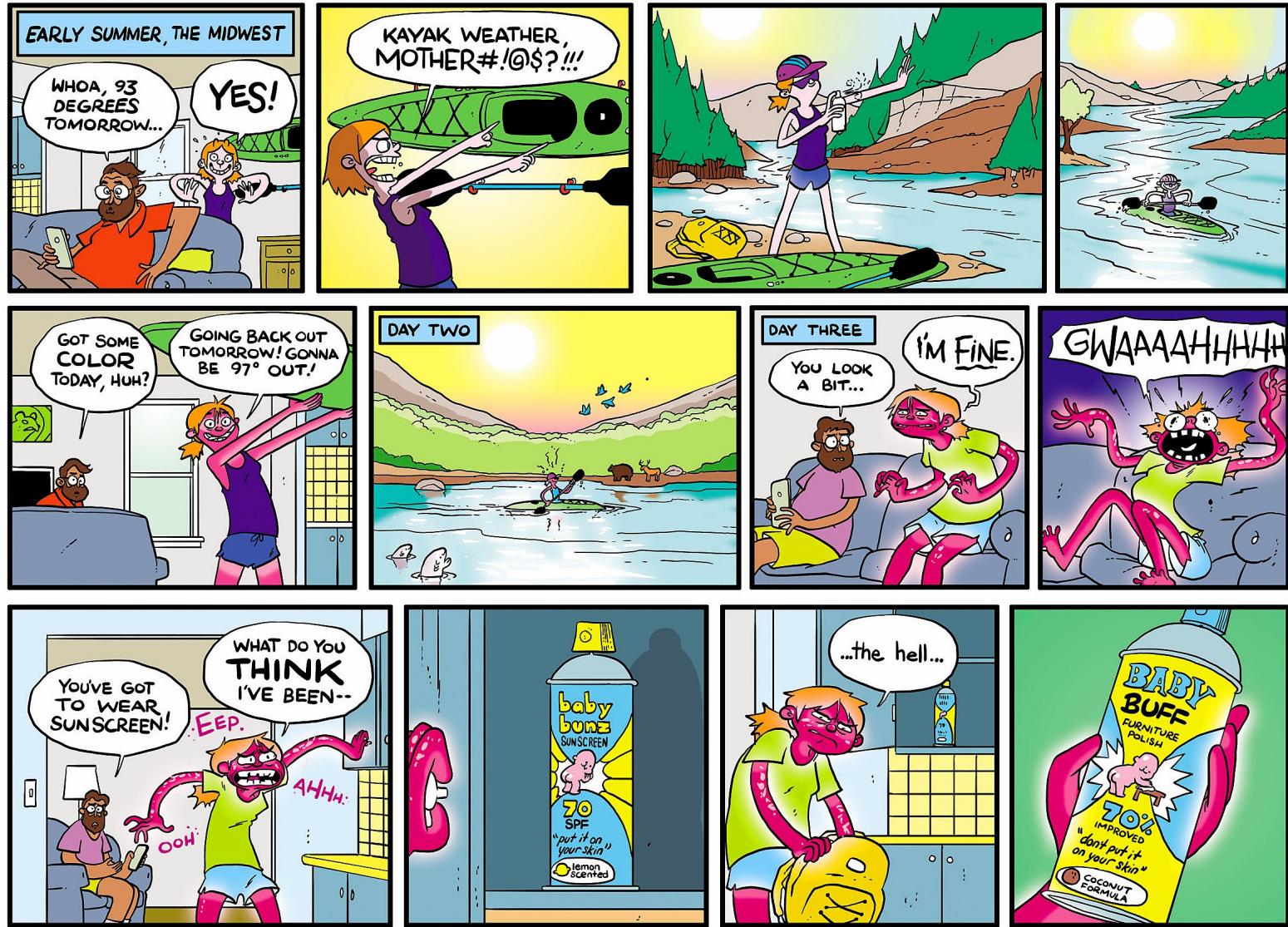
A blue ink signature of the name Brian Bergheim.

Commander Brian Bergheim

WRITER **CHRIS STEPHENS**
ARTIST **MIKE LOEW**

Sometimes it's not enough for us to have your fan mail—we also want your SOUL. Well, we finally figured out a way to take that from you: Just send us a true story about something STUPID you actually did, and acclaimed cartoonist **Mike Holmes** might make it into a comic strip! It's...

REAL, DUMB



This issue's story submitted by **Grace Staley**.

Have a real, dumb story that happened to you? Want to share your shame with the world by having it illustrated in MAD? Write it up and send it to realdumb@madmagazine.com! If it's dumb enough, we'll make it into a comic!

All stories submitted to realdumb@madmagazine.com may be edited (including changing the names of people or places mentioned in the story), illustrated at MAD's discretion, and published in MAD's Real, Dumb feature or in any MAD publication in any format and will not be returned.

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WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Every year Halloween brings businesses millions of dollars in revenue. To find out who benefits most from this tricky trade, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR. ENTERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.

A

WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

B

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A

B

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FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DEMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR, ENT-
ERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING
IS SURE TO BE VERY PROFITABLE FOR ANYONE WHO INVESTS.
WRITER & ARTIST AL JAFFEE

A

B

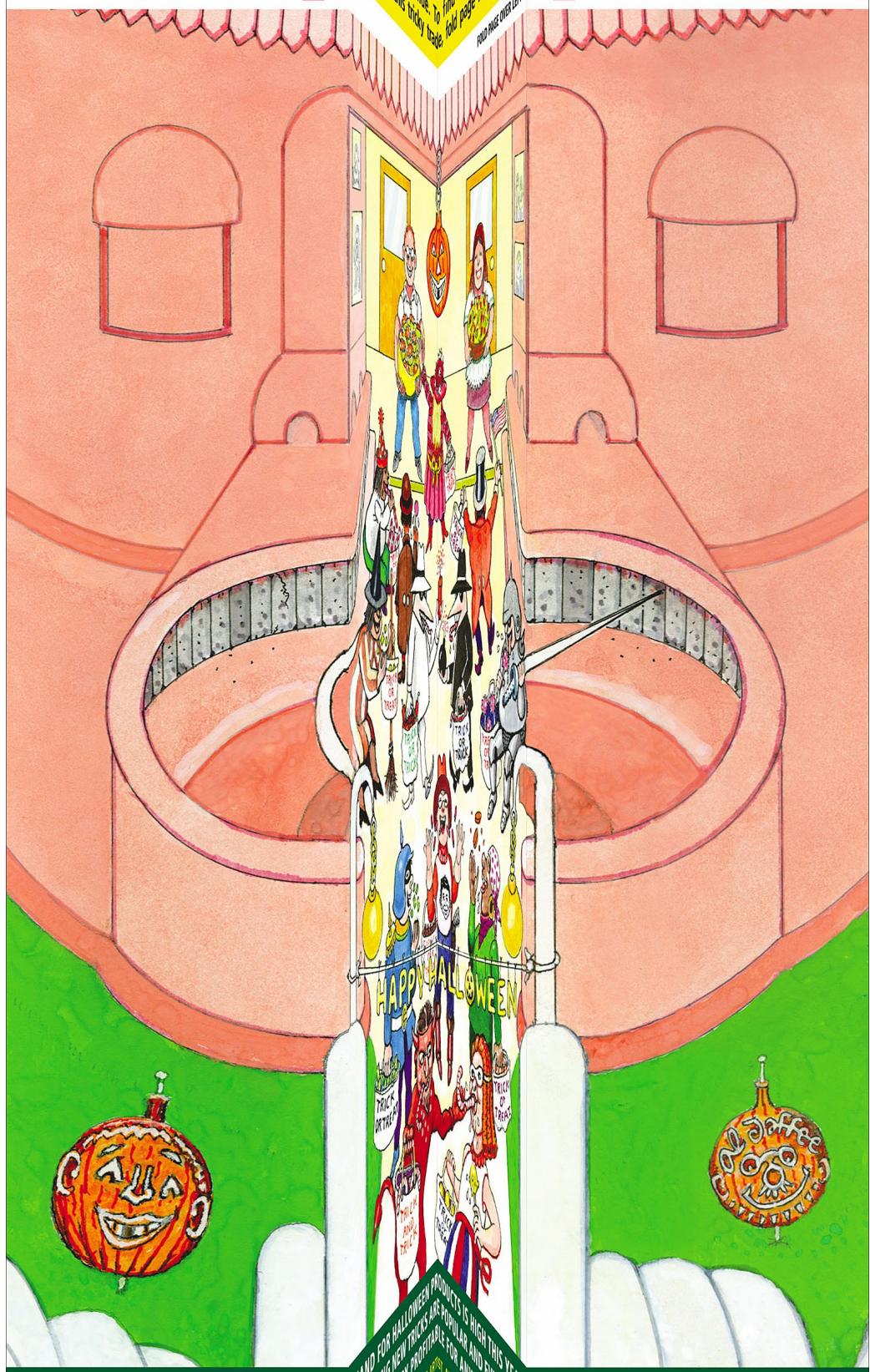
WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?

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MAD FOLD-IN

Every year Halloween brings businesses millions
of dollars in revenue. To find out who benefits
most from this tricksy trade, fold page in as shown.
FOLD OVER LEFT

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



D EMAND FOR HALLOWEEN PRODUCTS IS HIGH THIS YEAR.
ERTAINING NEW TRICKS ARE POPULAR AND EVERYTHING
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ENT-

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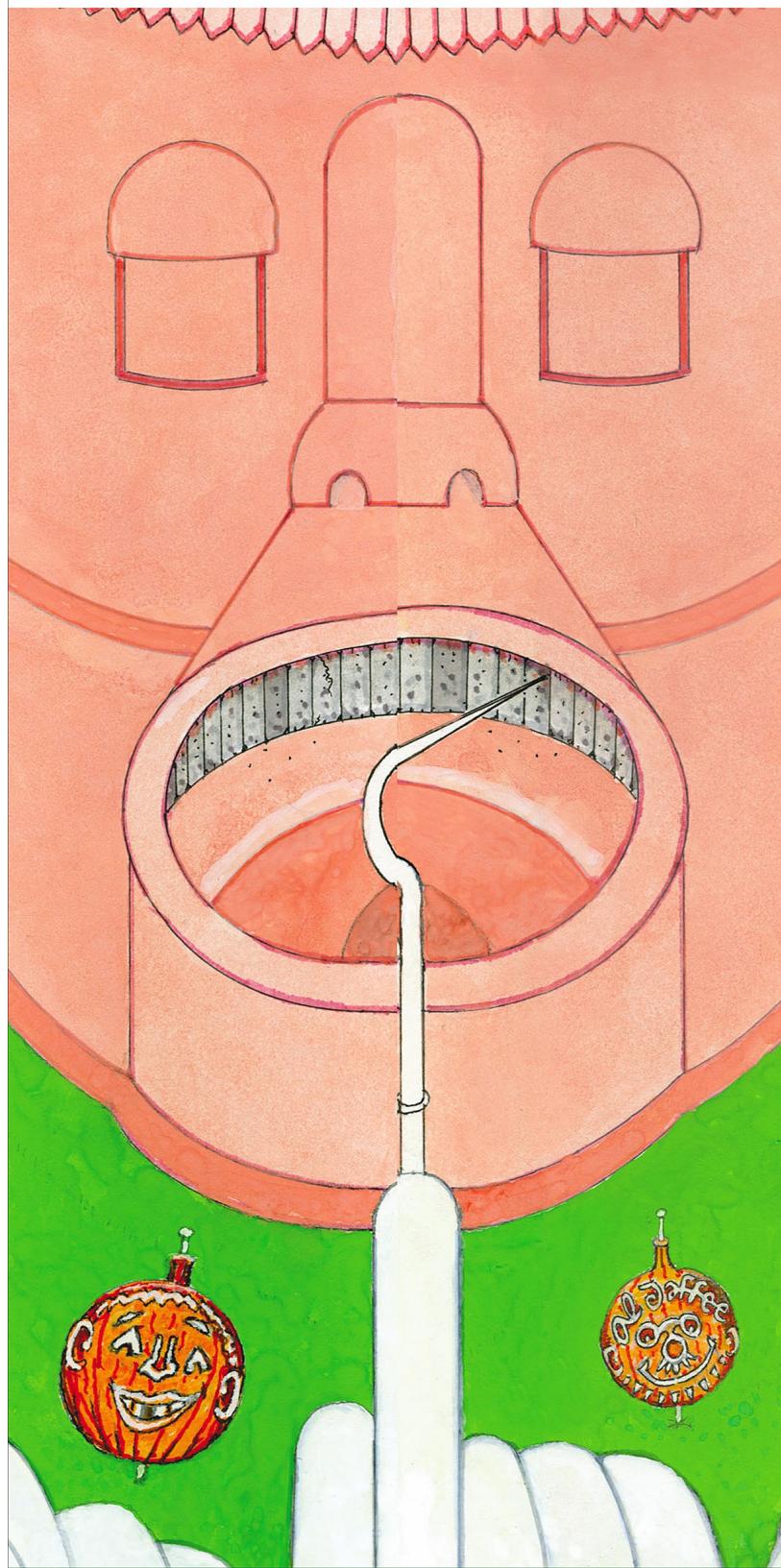
B

WHAT GROUP PROFITS THE MOST FROM HALLOWEEN?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A < B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



DENT-

ISTS.

A < B

It's easy to forget that Halloween is a time to celebrate the *idea* of death and dismemberment, not actually *experience* it. Allow us to hold your hand during this holiday of horror and guide you away from the afterlife for at least one more year!

DON'T DIE THIS HALLOWEEN!!!

Here are MAD's **BLOODY** good safety tips for parents of boys and ghouls!

ARE YOUR KIDS BOBBING FOR APPLES—OR DISEASE?



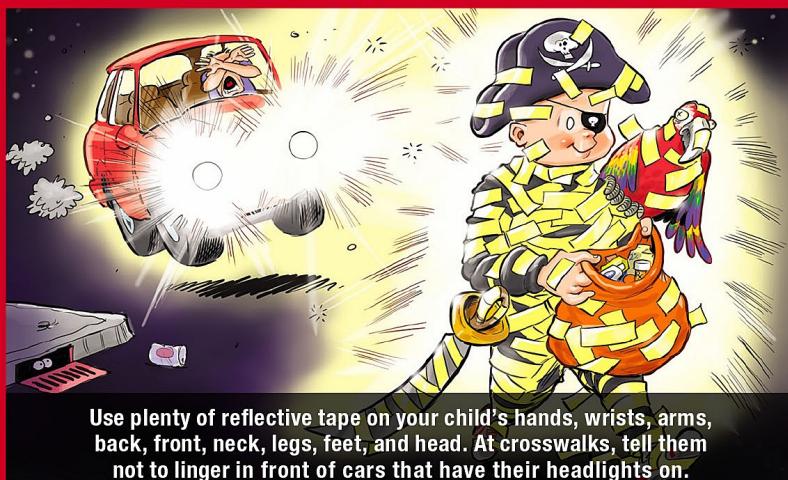
Throwing a party where everyone's dipping their heads into the same water and then biting that floating fruit? Disgusting! Your guests will feel so much safer bobbing for apples knowing each one is nestled in a protective condom!

SHOW KIDS JUST HOW SAFE YOUR CANDY IS!



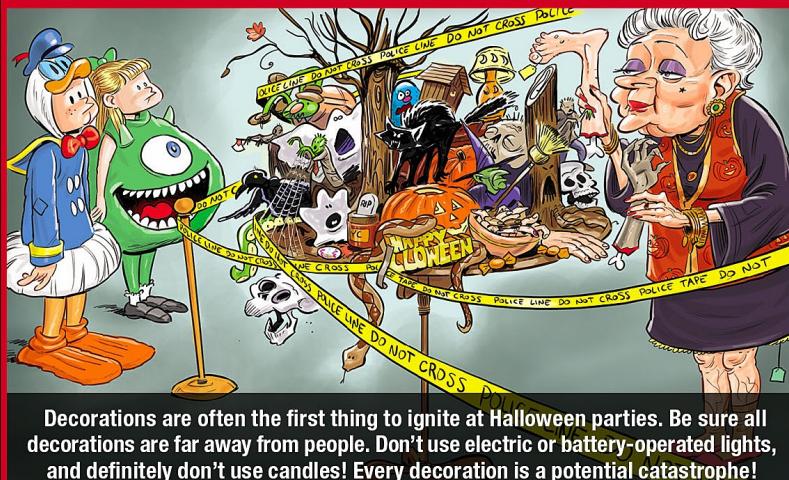
When passing out treats, unwrap one and take a bite as the kids watch. Then hand them the uneaten piece. They'll see there's nothing "bad" inside. **BONUS:** You'll be giving out a lot less candy this way!

MAKE SURE YOUR KIDS CAN BE SEEN AT NIGHT!



Use plenty of reflective tape on your child's hands, wrists, arms, back, front, neck, legs, feet, and head. At crosswalks, tell them not to linger in front of cars that have their headlights on.

SAFEGUARD AGAINST DEADLY FIRES!



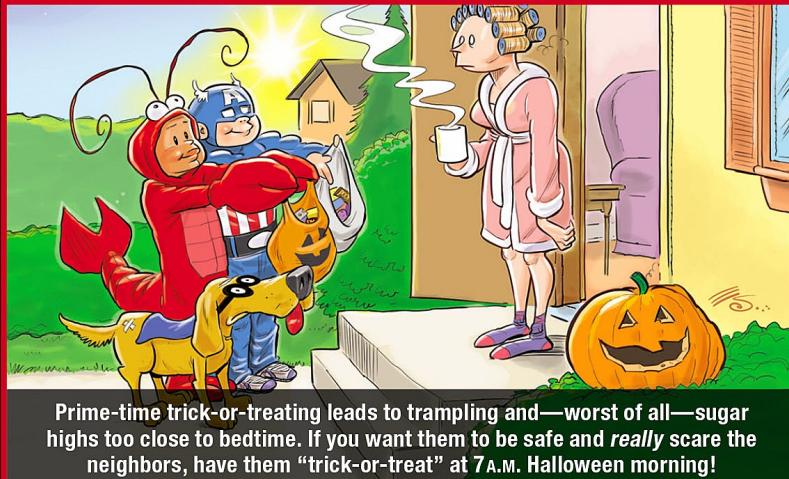
Decorations are often the first thing to ignite at Halloween parties. Be sure all decorations are far away from people. Don't use electric or battery-operated lights, and definitely don't use candles! Every decoration is a potential catastrophe!

SET A CURFEW FOR YOUR KIDS TO BE HOME!



Make it really clear that your kids **MUST** be home at least one minute before the set time!

PICK THE LEAST DANGEROUS TIME FOR FUN!



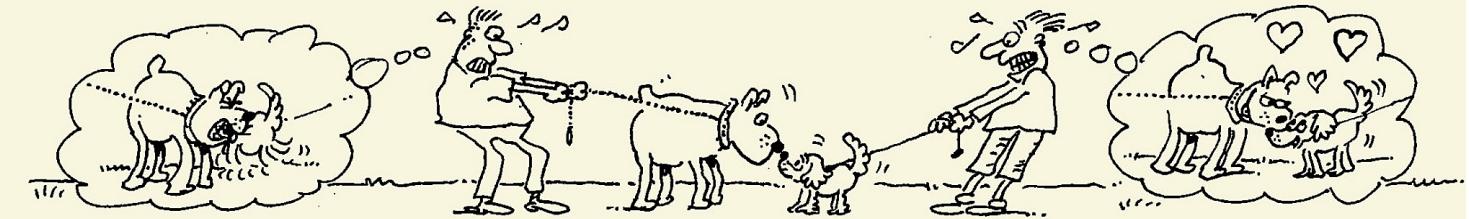
Prime-time trick-or-treating leads to trampling and—worst of all—sugar highs too close to bedtime. If you want them to be safe and *really* scare the neighbors, have them "trick-or-treat" at 7 A.M. Halloween morning!



MARGINAL THINKING DEPT.

DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

by Sergio Aragones



**HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH
ANOTHER OUTING OF THE**

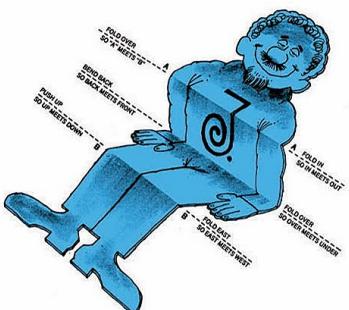


**DIGITAL EDITION
BONUS MATERIAL!**

Before Destinations were Final and dooks were Baba, there was Invasion of the Body Snatchers! And now, thanks to the bottomless pit of MAD archival material we are sitting on, you can enjoy a parody from deep within the depths of outer space...and our computer server. Booty-licious (yeah, we said it)



The greatest horror? Folding an old issue of MAD! Allow us to free you with this classic, DIGITAL Fold-In!



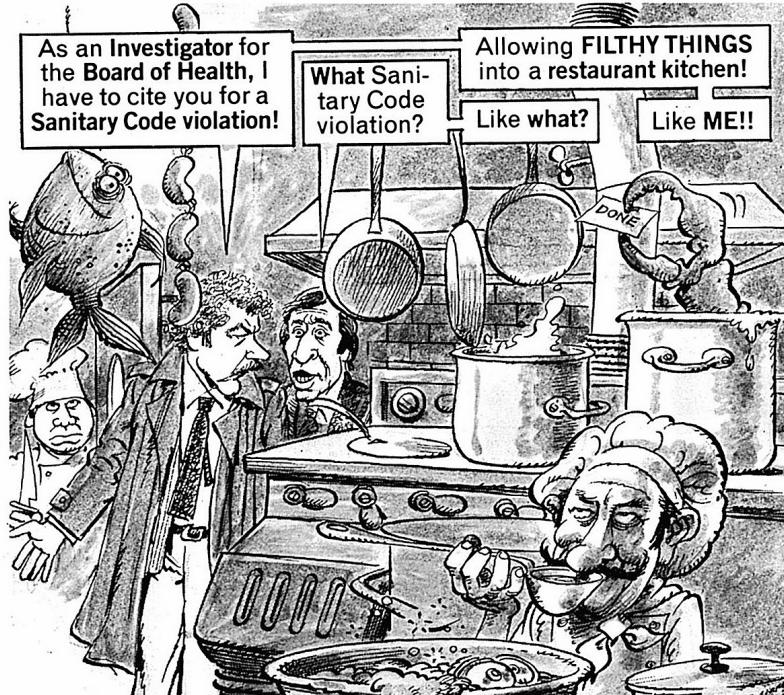
In 1956, a wonderful, exciting motion picture came out, entitled, "Invasion Of The Body Snatchers." Well, recently, some money-hungry Hollywood wise men figured: If it was good then, imagine how great it could be now! And they were right! The original is still wonderful! Unfortunately, this re-make is merely an attempt to cash in on the Science-Fiction craze and reap big profits. That's why our version is called . . .



Invasion Of The Booty Snatchers

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART



Jeff, what is it? What are you doing?!? Why are you walking around like a zombie?

Our relationship is deteriorating! Why don't you answer me? Why are you ignoring me? It's not normal, acting like this!!

Why don't we stop living together, and get married?!? Then, it would be normal!!!



I'm worried, Mutt!

Me, too! This stew NEEDS something—but I don't have time to run out and find a rat turd!!

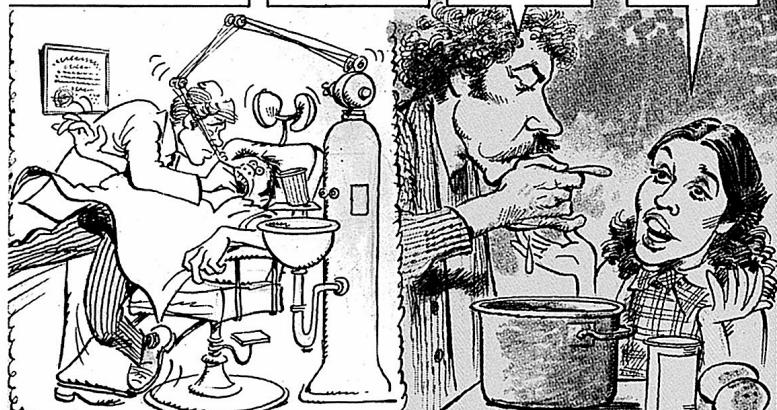
It's Jeff! I followed him today! He's been acting so strange!

And . . . ??

At his office, he was working on a patient . . . and he drilled right into a nerve!

What's so strange about that?

He didn't even ENJOY it!



Then he left the office and met another strange-acting man who gave him a package!

Maybe Jeff is high on pot . . . and that was his connection!

But Jeff just sits in front of the television set all night, and watches the test pattern! How could he be on a "high"!

To a Dentist, that's a "high"!



You're in great danger! You're in great danger!

Why do you say that?!?

Many reasons, not the least of which is: You can't see where you're driving with me laying over your windshield!

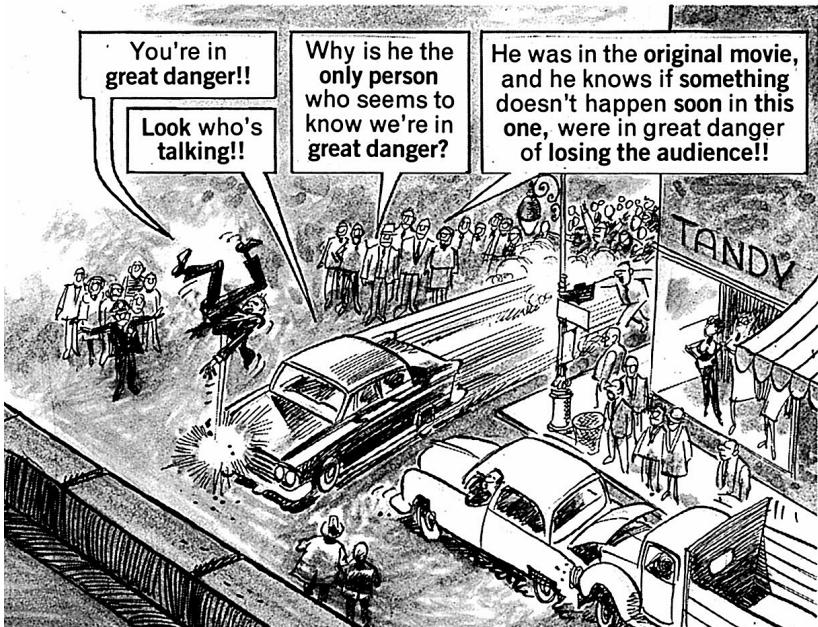


You're in great danger!!

Look who's talking!!

Why is he the only person who seems to know we're in great danger?

He was in the original movie, and he knows if something doesn't happen soon in this one, we're in great danger of losing the audience!!



Doctor, help me! The man I'm living with is not my Husband, even though he looks exactly like him!!

Now, now! Why do you think that . . . ??

Because he acts so odd! Last night, he helped me with the dishes without a fight! And today, he dressed the kids! And tonight, he gave up Monday Night Football, and said we could go to any movie I wanted to see! No American Husband acts like that! He's a monster! A MONSTER!!





Dr. Schmock,
you really
don't believe
that an alien
force is mak-
ing duplicate
bodies out
of all of us?

That's
utter
nonsense!
How do
they
accomplish
it...???

They
make the
exchange
when
people
fall
asleep!!

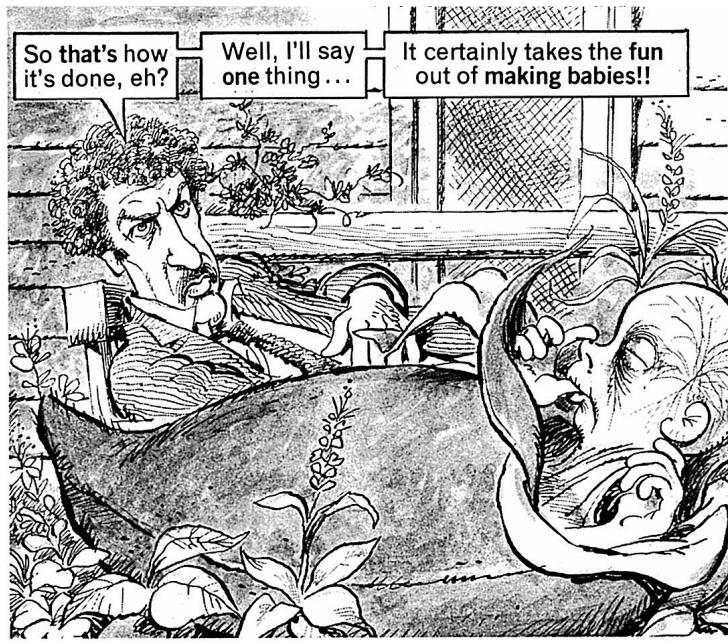
Ah-hah!
That
shows
you how
WRONG
you are!
How come?

If they did
that, the en-
tire audience
of this dull
movie out
there would be
duplicated
by now!!

So that's how
it's done, eh?

Well, I'll say
one thing...

It certainly takes the fun
out of making babies!!



They've completely
changed the method
of reproduction!

Oh, well! If you
can't fight 'em
... join 'em!

Hi, there! You
come here often?
You want to go
to my place for
a drink? You be-
lieve in sex on
the first date?

Please
... not
tonight!
I have
a POD
ACHE!

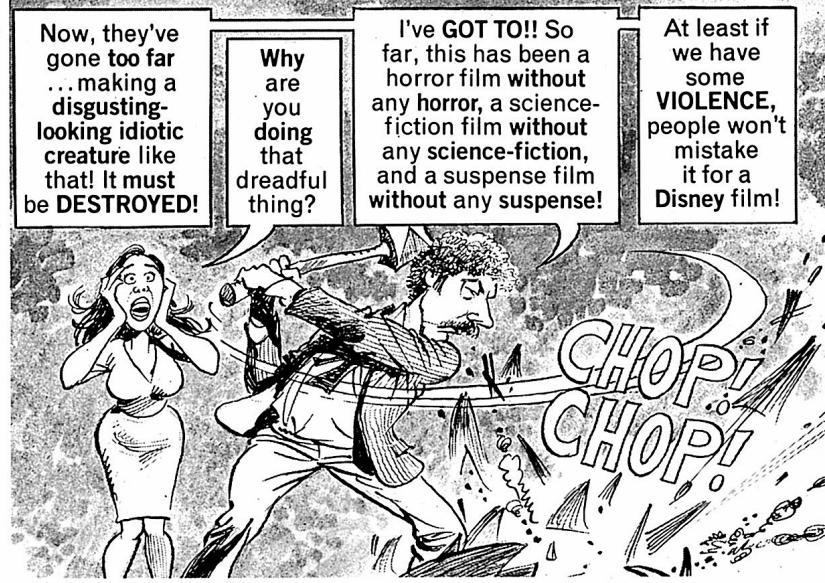
Gee...
it
hasn't
changed
all
that
much!!

Now, they've
gone too far
... making a
disgusting-
looking idiotic
creature like
that! It must
be **DESTROYED**!

Why
are
you
doing
that
dreadful
thing?

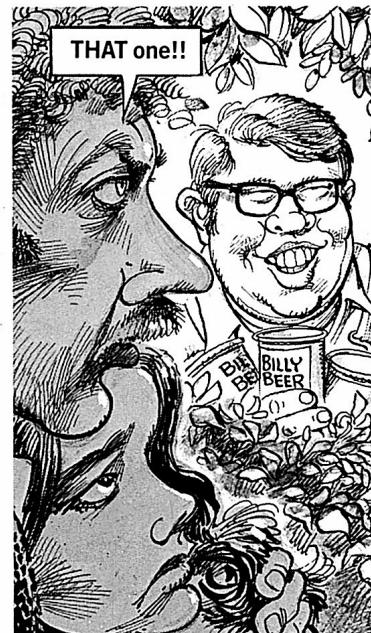
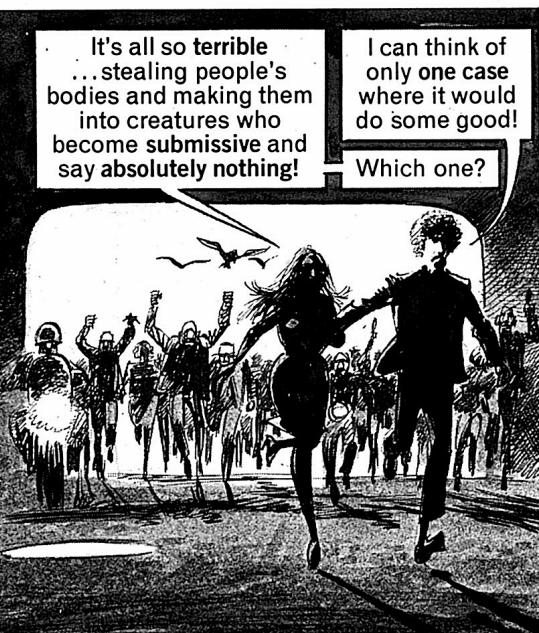
I've **GOT TO!!** So
far, this has been a
horror film without
any horror, a science-
fiction film without
any science-fiction,
and a suspense film
without any suspense!

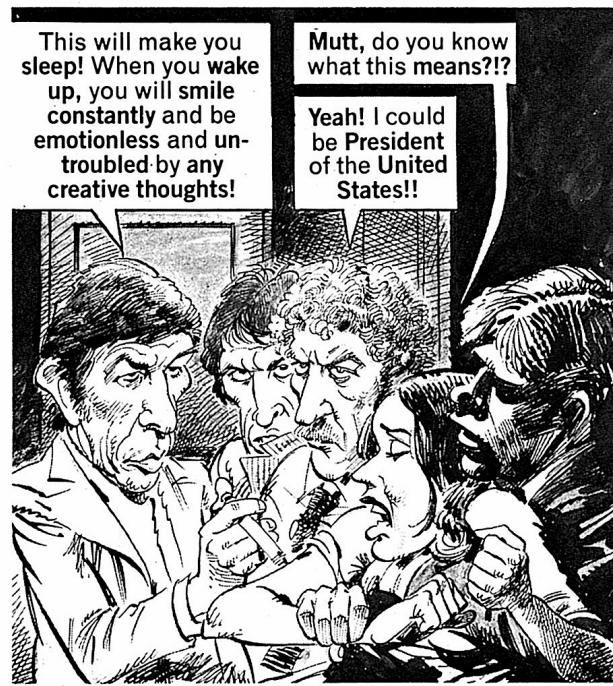
At least if
we have
some
VIOLENCE,
people won't
mistake
it for a
Disney film!

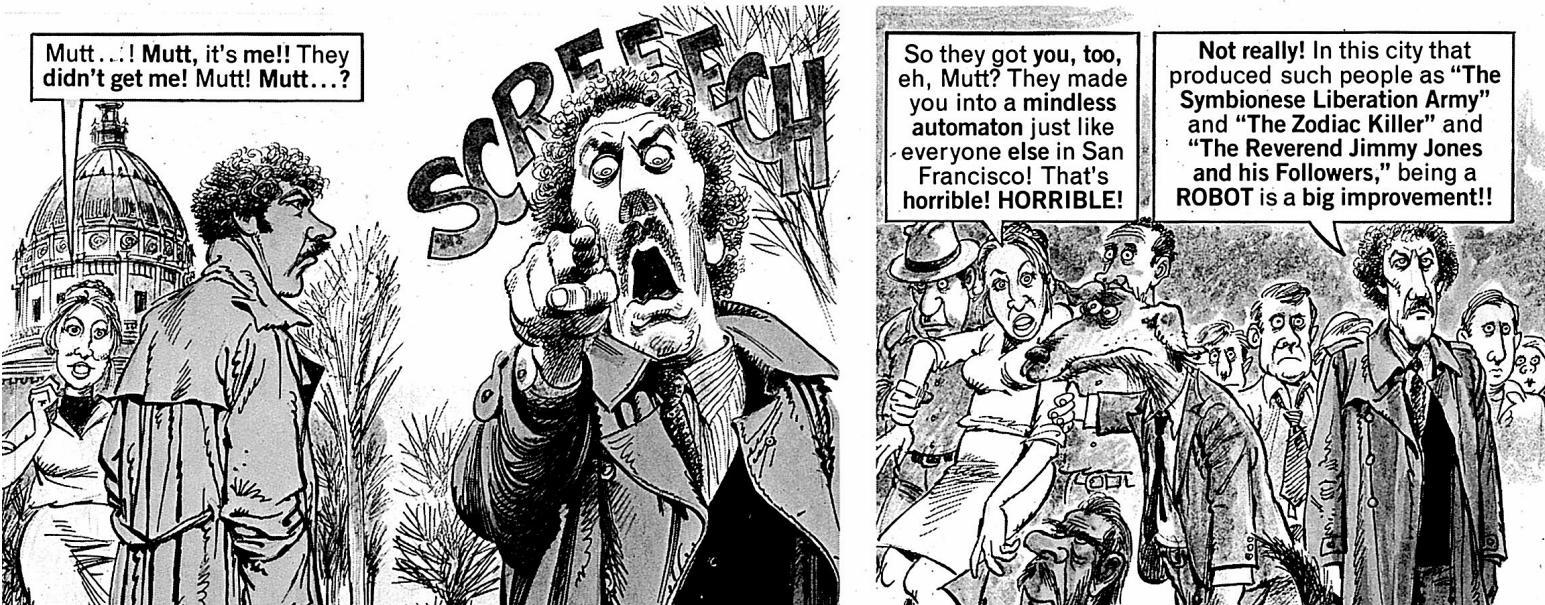
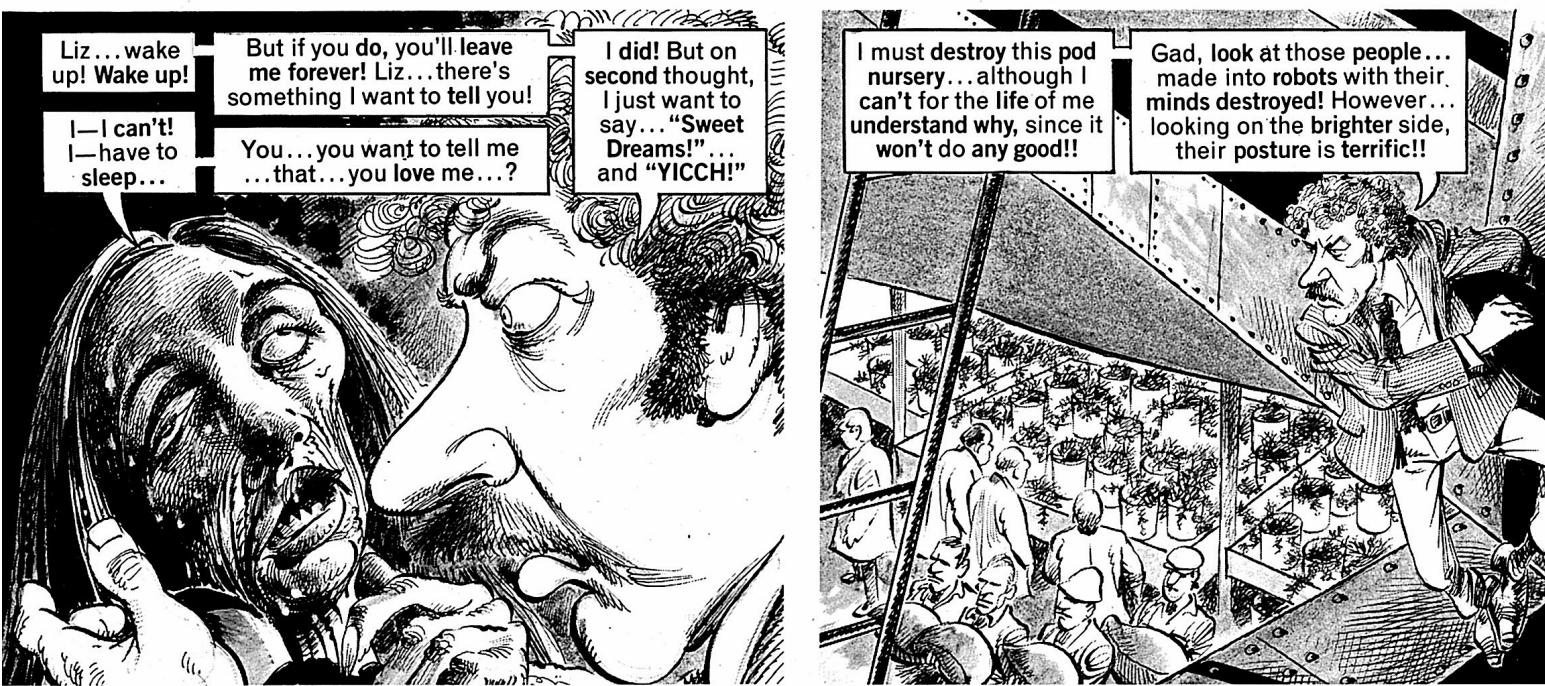
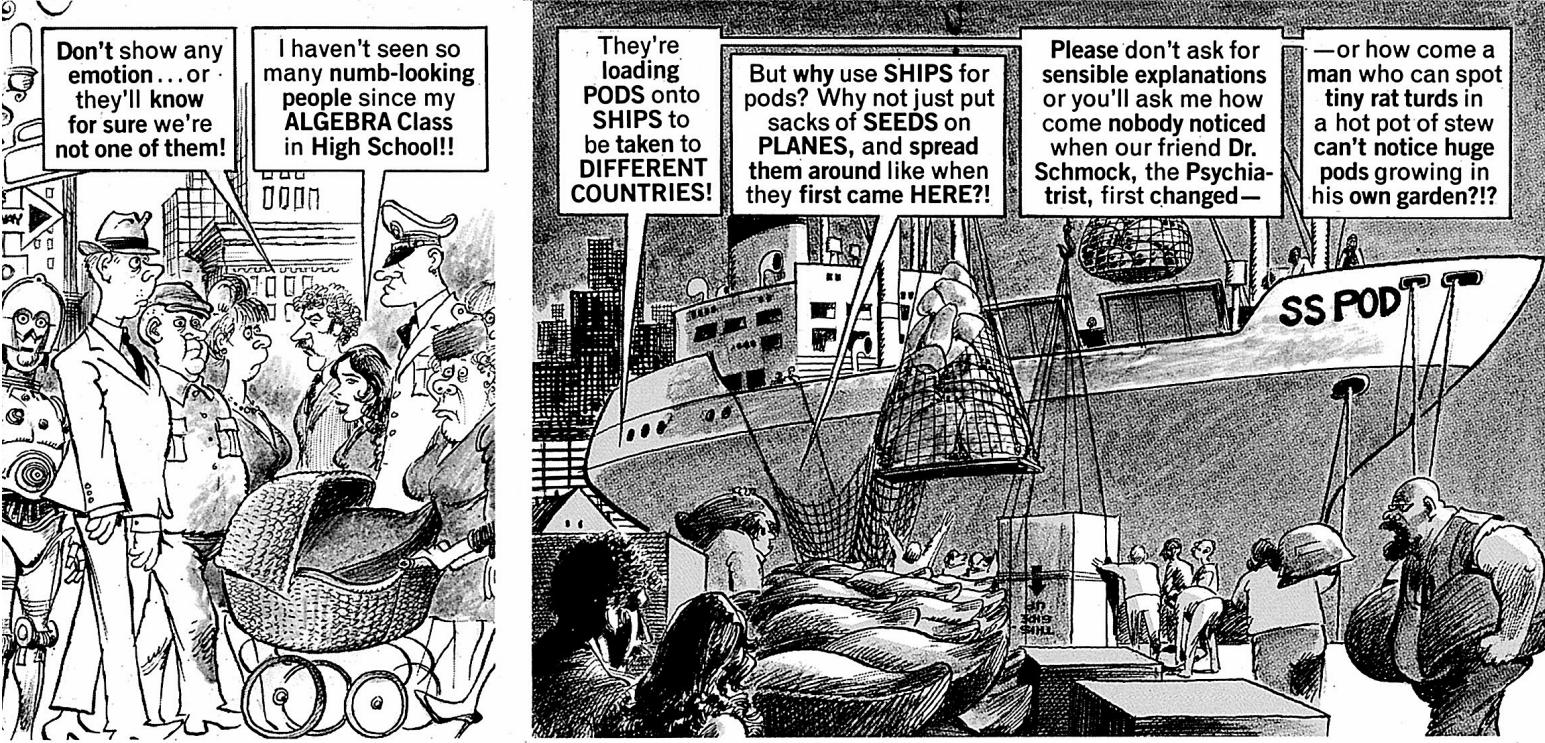


It's all so terrible
...stealing people's
bodies and making them
into creatures who
become submissive and
say absolutely nothing!

I can think of
only one case
where it would
do some good!
Which one?







WHERE SHOULD
MOST MODERN
CLASSIC
EXPLOITATION
HORROR FILMS
BE KEPT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Today's "Horror Film" is a special art form, and it deserves a special place all its own. To find out exactly what that place is, fold in page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

INTEREST IN "HORROR FILMS" IS GROWING
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. WE MUST MAKE SURE
CARE IS TAKEN TO STORE THESE CLASSICS IN
A SAFE PLACE FOR FUTURE FILM FANS.

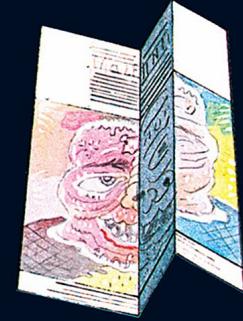
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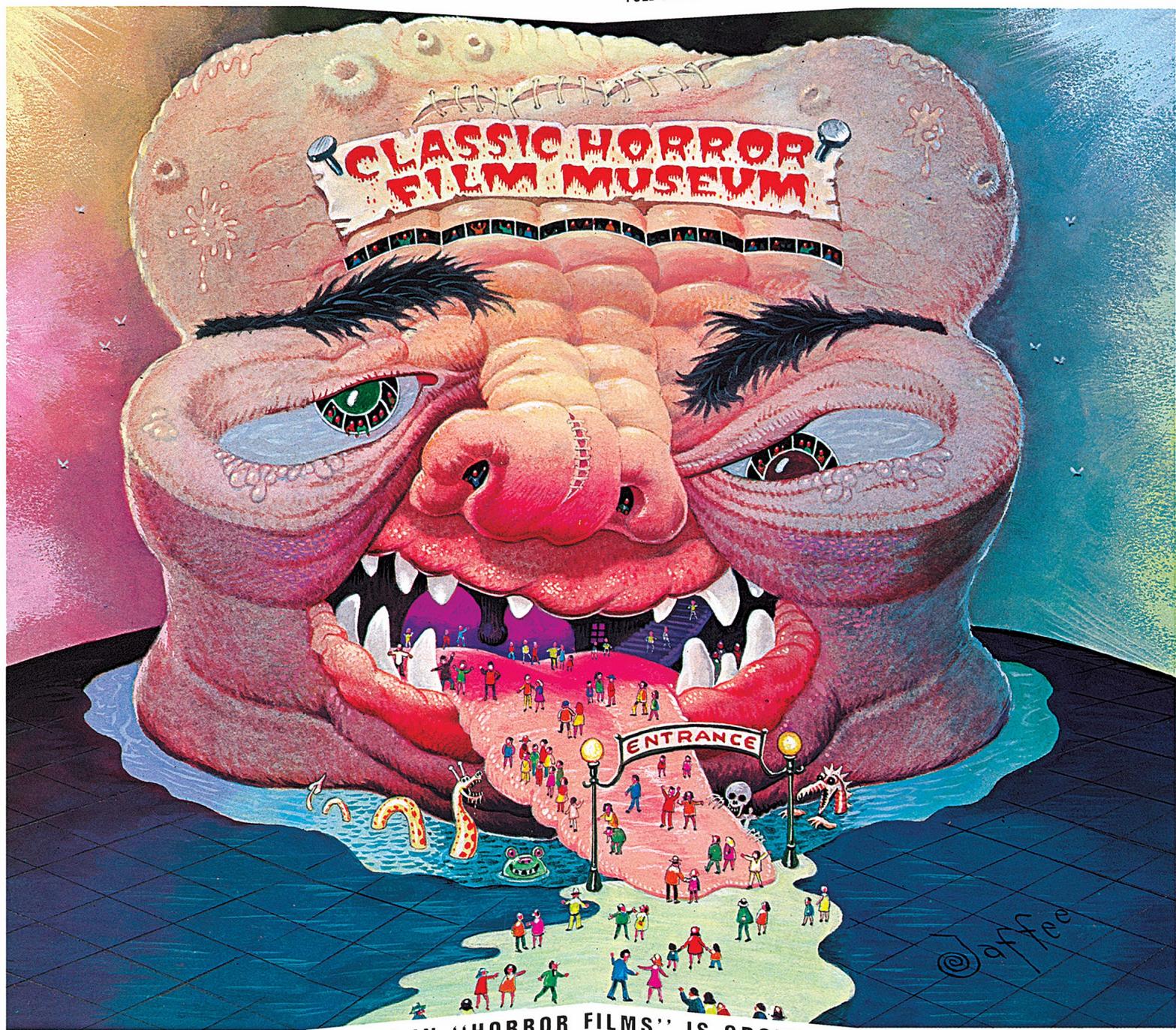
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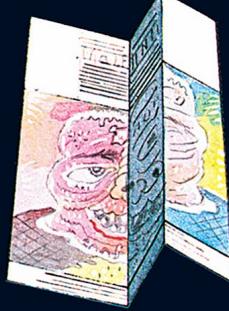
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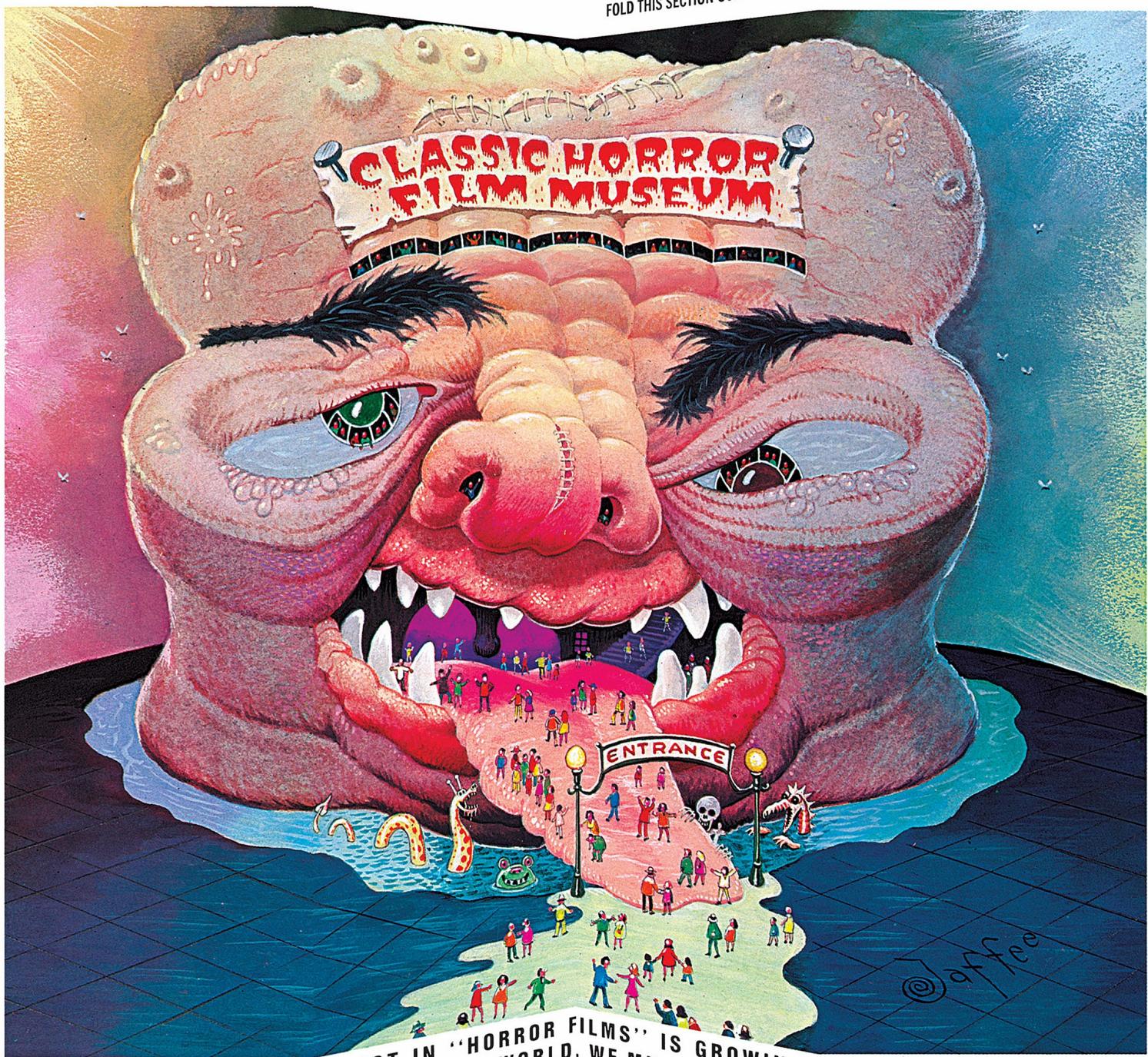
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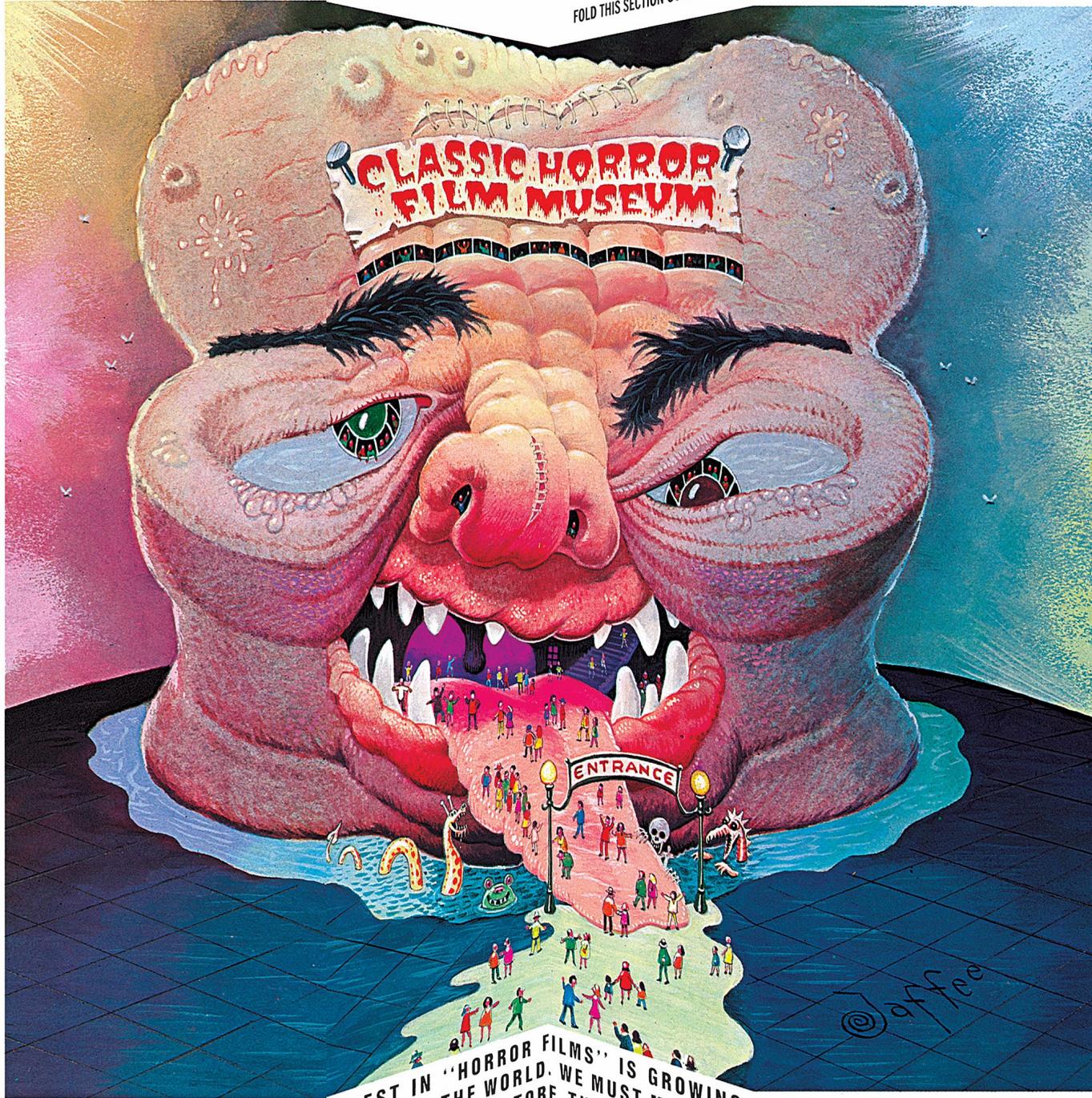


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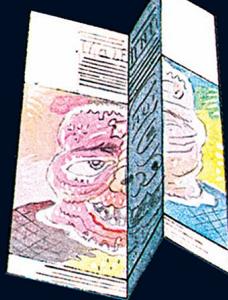
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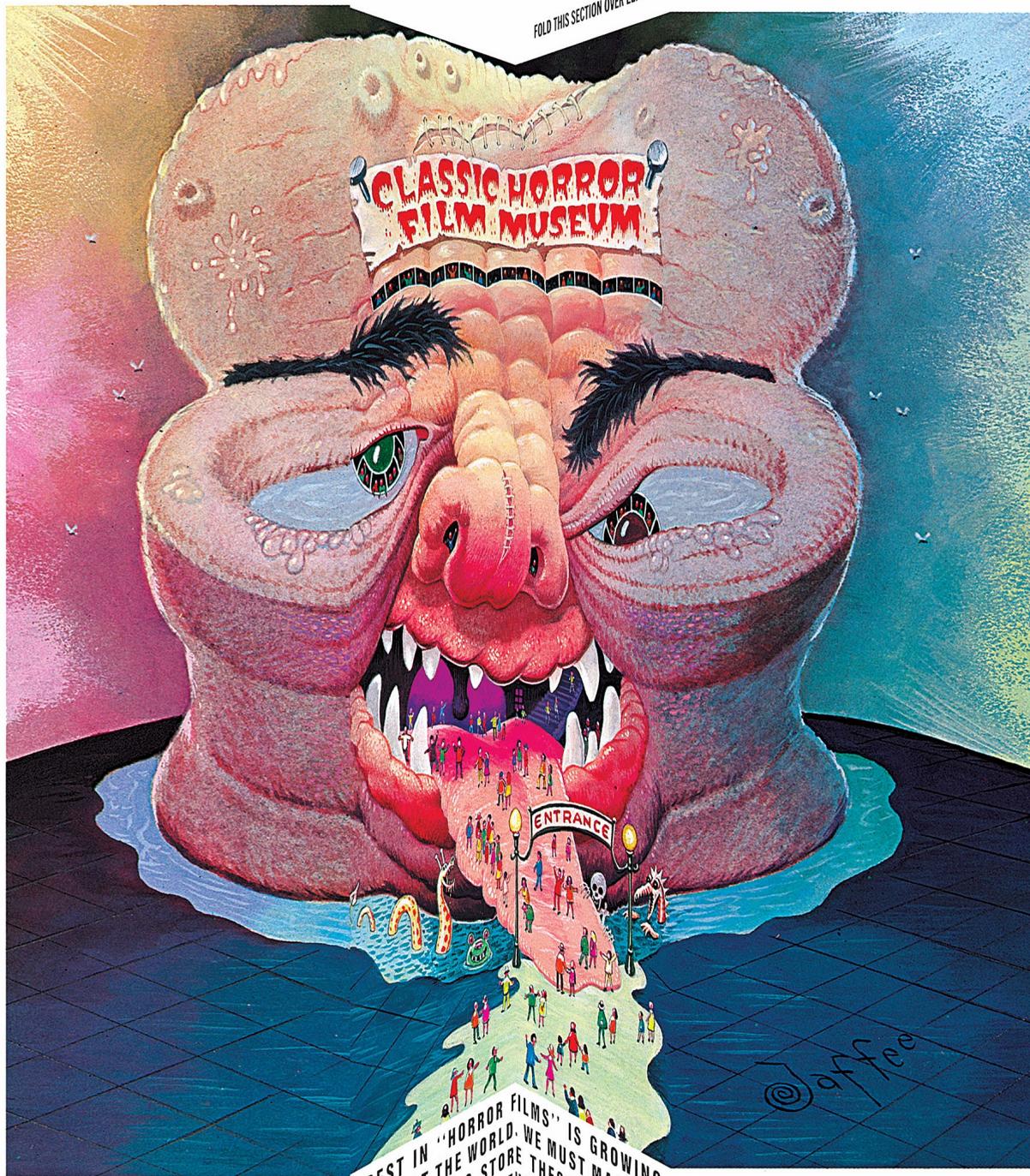
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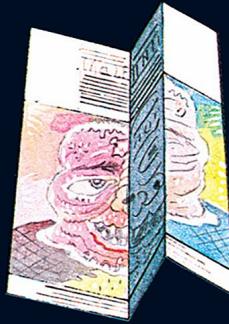
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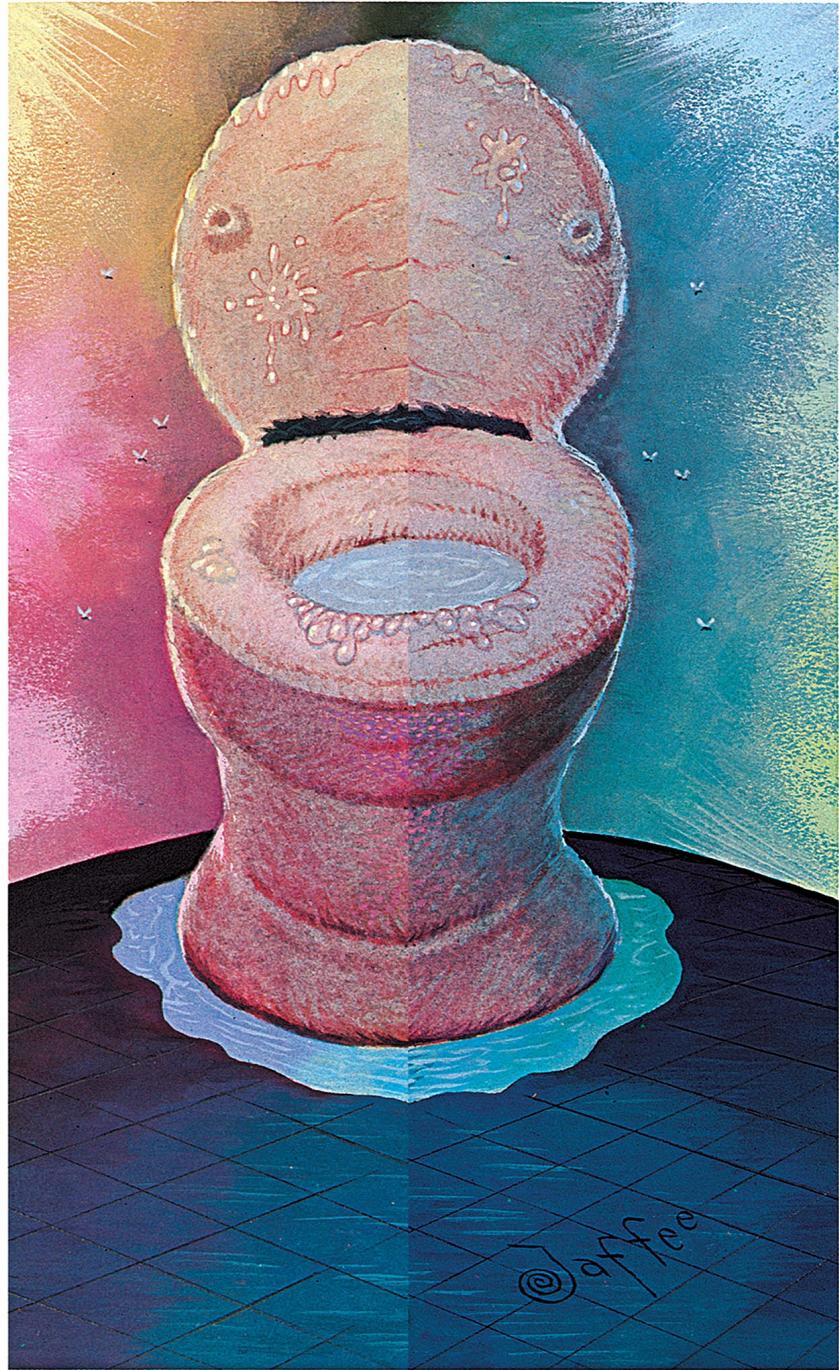
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ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

IN
THE
CAN

A → **B**

MAD

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

